

SATURDAY NIGHT

TEN CENTS
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TORONTO, 1942

VINCENT DE VITA, ARTIST AND MASTER OF DISPLAY ADVERTISING, PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON AN EXHIBIT. SEE PAGE 4 AND 5.

THE FRONT PAGE

We shall publish next week the first of two articles, by a staff expert, on the "Bits and Pieces" program of subcontracting which is one of the most important elements of Canada's war industry.

SOME of the language on the subject of the compulsory-service plebiscite which has been reverberating from provincial capitals and other places since the middle of last week will probably be regretted by those who uttered it, as soon as they have had a chance to give the subject some serious consideration. Some of it, on the other hand, was uttered by persons who have not the habit of remembering what they have said from one week to another, and these will not be bothered by any regrets. As a source of durable political capital the opposition to the plebiscite has little or no value; once it has been held the electorate will take no further interest in the question whether it should or should not have been held, and hence most of the present agitation of the atmosphere will be found to have been wasted. That the plebiscite has caused a great deal of annoyance in certain quarters, and gone far towards ruining certain carefully laid plans, is obvious enough; but that has nothing whatever to do with its usefulness as future campaigning material.

The question whether there should or should not be a plebiscite is not really anything like as serious as the indignant utterances suggest. Mr. Meighen, on a historic occasion, and animated by reasons not wholly dissimilar to those which operate in the present case, proposed that a plebiscite be required before any Canadian Government be permitted to declare war. Australia on two occasions during the last war held a referendum on compulsory service, failed both times to secure a majority for it, and never adopted it; compulsory service beyond the Dominion is not in force in Australia to this day. (It may be conceded that the problems of home defence are much more urgent for Australians than for Canadians.) The sole serious objection to the plebiscite on such a question as compulsory service abroad

is the fact that it is essentially a problem of war policy, inextricable from the general war policy as a whole, and that the Government alone is in possession of the necessary information for arriving at an intelligent decision about it. That objection appeared to SATURDAY NIGHT as a very strong one so long as we anticipated that the Government would profess a neutral attitude on the question submitted in the plebiscite; with the Government admitting that in the light of its knowledge it considers that it ought to impose compulsory service abroad the objection is considerably weakened. To be strictly logical, a Government which considers that compulsory service abroad is necessary for the proper conduct of the war ought to dissolve Parliament if the electorate refuses to endorse that view—or alternatively, ought to ignore the electorate's expression

and enact compulsory service anyhow, and face the electors on that issue in the next election.

What will actually happen may not be quite so strictly logical. We do not, as a matter of fact, anticipate that the plebiscite will result in a vote against compulsory service abroad. If it should, the hostile vote will probably be heavily concentrated in one province and a few constituencies in the others. A majority of constituencies will have small majorities in favor, and a minority will have large majorities against. The representatives of the conscriptionist constituencies in the existing House of Commons would then almost inevitably combine to carry on a conscriptionist Government; the existing Government might or might not (according to what one thinks of the Byng constitutional point) have the right to call on

the Governor-General to dissolve, but even if it has the right, there would be little point in its doing so, since the voting in the subsequent election would obviously follow the voting in the plebiscite. The result in either case would be an anti-Quebec Government; but with Quebec persisting in an anti-conscription attitude and the rest of Canada demanding conscription that may be inevitable.

Delay and Expense

WE HAVE stated that in our opinion the plebiscite will not go against compulsory service abroad. We may add to that the prediction that the hostile vote in Quebec will be a great deal lower than most people elsewhere anticipate, and may even be a minority. Quebec in the last war was more or less forced into being against the Government; it has no desire for that position, and will make large sacrifices in order to remain with the Government. Such a result as we are predicting would be an immensely valuable demonstration of the solidarity of the national will; and the mere possibility of it—if accompanied by a sincere effort on the part of the Government and especially of its French-Canadian members to achieve it—more than offsets the only two objections against the plebiscite which have some small degree of validity. These are the objections of delay and expense. We append here some reasons for thinking that neither of them is very serious.

The argument that compulsory service abroad must be enacted immediately is completely countered by the point put forward by Mr. Biggar in his famous letter and carefully ignored by the *Globe and Mail* in its summarized version of it. This is the point that training for service abroad takes a year; that there are a large number of home-service trainees already under compulsory training who will not be ready for active service for months; that the terms of their enlistment can be altered long before they are ready, so as to make it possible to send them abroad when they are ready.

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PEOPLE *make news*



U.S. Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, centre, arrives at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to attend the Conference of American Foreign Ministers. At right is U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery. Purpose of the Conference is to weld a solid all-American anti-Axis bloc of countries.



En route from New York to Miami, Bunny Waters, chorus girl, devised this unique method of selling U.S. defence stamps. In 9 minutes flat, she and 12 other girls sold \$500 worth of stamps between Washington and Richmond. Here four Royal Air Force customers peel stamps off Bunny at ten cents a stamp—and with no complaints.



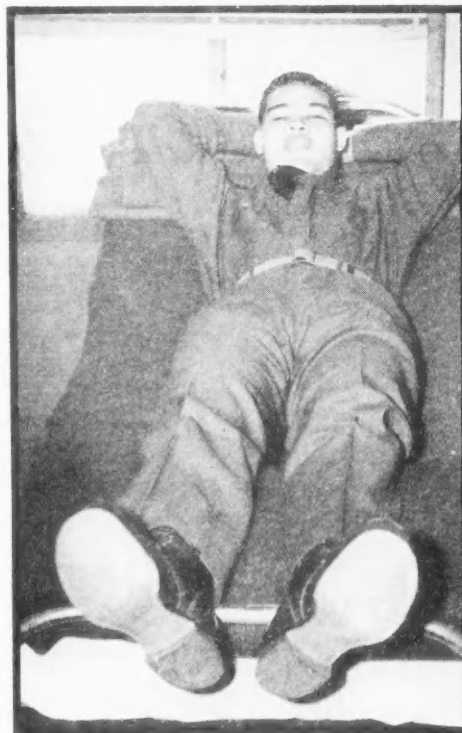
Tse-Liang Soong, 40, banker brother-in-law of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, leaves Riverside Church, New York, with his bride, the former Maying Hsi, 23, daughter of Ten-Mow Hsi, banker-supporter of Chiang Kai-shek.



South Americans are learning English from Pin T'An, a 25-year-old Chinese girl who broadcasts by short wave radio transmission from Station WOV in New York, whence her voice is piped to Boston for re-broadcast. She holds an M.A. and has been broadcasting for 2 years.



Sir Archibald Clark Kerr who succeeds Sir Stafford Cripps as Britain's Russian Envoy.



Heavyweight champion Joe Louis stretches out on his cot at Camp Upton, N.Y., where he is undergoing Army training. A fortnight ago, Louis made his 20th successful defence of his crown when he whipped Buddy Baer.



Last week the U.S. ran riot with Queens. This is Phoebe Allen, Florida's 1942 lettuce queen, munching iceberg lettuce while decorating a field of the salad plant, and . . .



. . . this is Rosamund Blackwell who was chosen to preside over the angling events which will open the fishing season at Long Beach, Cal. She is described as a real fisherman.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Religion and the Schools

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT:

I NOTE that your paper recently carried articles by F. D. L. Smith and A. C. Forrest and a letter by Rev. Hugh G. Crozier, all advocating in general an increase in religious education. These contributions were followed in your issue of January 3 by two letters on which you made the following comment: "The problem seems to be: (1) Should (and can) religion be taught at all? and (2) If not taught in the schools, where is it to be taught?"

To these questions the answer of today's leaders in government, education, and religion, seems to be the same as that given by your first group of contributors, namely: "Religion should be taught, and taught in the schools." Last summer, according to *Time* for January 5, the following manifesto was signed by 224 British peers and members of Parliament: "The future citizen should be so molded in character by Christian education that his citizenship shall become the expression of these principles in action." In December, a lengthy debate on religious education in the House of Commons had the following tangible results: "The churches, and Britain's Board of Education," continues the same news-weekly, "are now collaborating to draft an act making worship and religious instruction compulsory and providing a government inspector of religious education (i.e., bringing religious teaching up to scratch)."

THIS insistence of the British government on religious education I could parallel with citations from leading educators and churchmen in England, the United States, Canada and elsewhere. I cite only a few of special importance. The first is from the *London Times*, which through its influence is one of the greatest educators in England and was partly responsible for the recent return to religious education in the British schools. The *Times* said in part: "In a country professedly Christian, and a country which at the moment is staking its all in defence of Christian principles, there is a system of national education which allows the citizens of the future to have a purely heathen upbringing."

The second is from the joint pastoral letter issued at Fulda by the Catholic Bishops of Germany, courageously issued in the teeth of Hitler, Himmler, and the Gestapo, issued at the tomb of St. Boniface, that great English saint who left the monastic schools of England to become the apostle of Germany. The letter says in part: "The Church has the God-given right, and the duty, to teach religious doctrine and morals, to undertake the education of our youth from earliest childhood on, and to preach freely the Gospel of Christ, to the extent that the Church herself deems it necessary."

THESE are representative and not isolated statements. If then, the many who hold this view, both those in the Allied camp and those under Axis domination, could be united, they would prove to be a most effective harness, a most cogent rein, for the restless, lawless spirit of man, keeping it in the path of peace, and turning it from the causes of war. They would be allies powerful enough to build a post-war peace based on justice and charity, and to educate youth for a better, a more co-operative world. A purely secular education cannot do the job. Obviously a man can be a Hitler without being false to the three R's, but he can't be a Hitler without being false to the fourth, Religion. Hitler is among the world's greatest advocates and agents for suppressing religion in the schools, the churches, the homes.

GRANTED then that religious education should be given, (2) where and how should it be given? There seem to be only three institutions stable enough to guarantee any measure of success in imparting re-

ligious education, namely, the family, the church, and the school. It is a lamentable but obvious fact that the churches are not overcrowded. That is, to say the least, an understatement, for pre-war figures show that in London, England, for example, between 90 and 95% of the people did not attend the churches even on Easter Sunday.

But the family also seems unable to guarantee religious instruction. This was brought home to the people of England when youngsters evacuated from the cities were sent to homes in the country. Their ignorance of religion shocked an older generation to such an extent that the government determined on the radical step mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Examination of statistics on religion in the schools showed that of 5,000,000 children between 5 and 14 years of age, only 30% received religious instruction in school. Of these 22% were the children in Anglican and 8% the children in Roman Catholic schools.

WE CAN take many a leaf from the English book, and this one, written by experience, is one we need. We are not apt to go wrong in accepting these answers from educated churchmen, and governments in countries older and wiser than we are. From there we can advance to the further question: "How can we adapt the lesson to our own Canada?" In solving this new question we are confronted by several possible alternatives: (1) separate schools for all, just as there are separate churches; (2) facilities for separate instruction in different classrooms of the same public school, whether attendance at the separate religion classes be compulsory or free, held during or after regular school hours; and (3) common instruction in the public schools based on a common doctrinal denominator. In (1) the difficulty would be very great for small minorities. In (2) the difficulty would be no greater than is the practical arrangement of classes, incumbent on every principal under the elective system. In (3) the instruction would be limited to a minimum but even that would be better than nothing. If in determining that minimum we follow the recommendation of the British peers and members of Parliament, religious education would have to be Christian. The minimum of Christian doctrine common to 700 ministers and students for the ministry, whose beliefs are recorded in Betts' "Belief of 700 Ministers" is very small—the existence of God and the divine legateship of Jesus Christ.

VINCENT CHAVEZ

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

ever if nothing is done until after the plebiscite; that the number of home-service trainees now ready, or who will be ready during the next three months, is extremely small; and that there are enough volunteers still undergoing training or doing garrison duty in Canada to fill all the overseas units that we are able to be able to equip and forward during these months.

The argument that the plebiscite is expensive has some weight if one believes that it will serve no good purpose; but if one entertains a strong hope that it will enable the nation to surmount one of its gravest crises of national unity it does not seem very serious. That argument is put forward by people who also see no objection to the continued expenditure by Canadians of vastly greater sums every week upon light entertainment, imported luxury goods, sport, pleasure travel and other non-essential objectives; they translate the cost of

POLISH VILLAGE

AT LENGTH, the peasant, plodding from the woods,

Came on his village, emptied of its folk,

Save for his sisters, weeping behind their floods,

And his father's broken body, hanging from the oak.

In his sisters' weeping, he heard no Polish phrase,

They did not name the murderers, nor sob; they

Only showed him geese walking their arrogant ways

And wheelmarks following the road to a broken sky.

He wept, and to his holy church he ran,

And stood before the figure of Christ, and saw those dear wrists re-broken; the newly-bleeding Man!

Was crucified into a swastika!

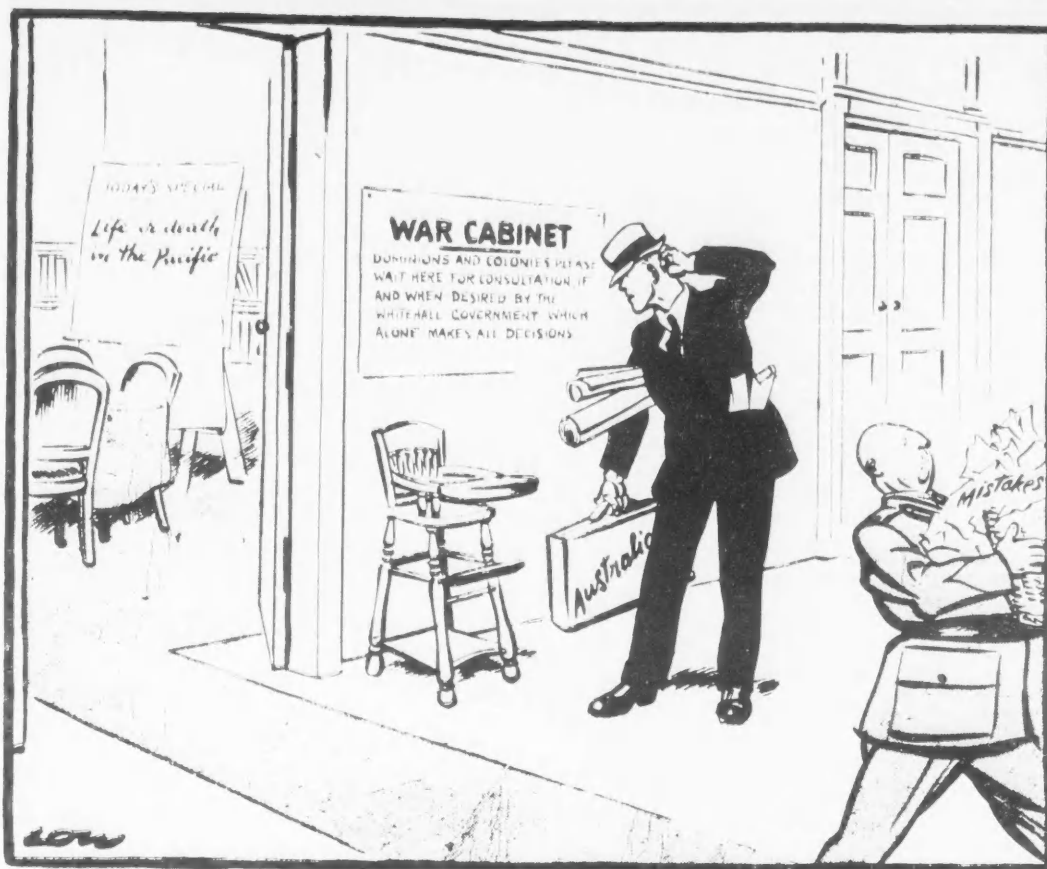
A. M. KLEIN.

The plebiscite into terms of the bombers and jet-fighters it would buy, as if the limitation on supply of these military articles were the amount of money we can spend, whereas it is really the plant capacity and skilled labor available for their production, none of which would be diverted by the taking of the vote.

We fully realize that as a result of advancing these arguments we shall expose ourselves to the charge by the *Globe and Mail* that we have again, or have always been in, "the Government's propaganda forces." Nevertheless we are firmly convinced that, as an alternative to having French Canada into opposition, the plebiscite policy is so much the lesser of two evils that its adoption, plus an earnest and sincere effort on the Government's part to secure an affirmative result, is a wise and proper policy, and that the effort to work up a passion of indignation about it is regrettable.

Right About Finland

WE DO not find it hard to understand the bewilderment which evidently possesses many of those who are now in the internment camps in Canada or undergoing imprisonment because of what they did and said about the war before June 22, 1941. Take for example Miss Anna S. Buller, one of the ablest and most earnest of the Canadian advocates of a Soviet form of government. Miss Buller, who is now serving a two-year term under the Defence of Canada Regulations in a penal establishment in Manitoba, is among the bewildered. In a letter to the Prime Minister, a copy of which has reached us from unimpeachable anti-Fascist sources, she complains that part of the evidence against her was an editorial published in the paper of which she was business manager which pointed out that it was not in the interests of the Canadian people to support Finland against the U.S.S.R. On this point Miss Buller appears to have been right; and she appears to think that because she was right she ought to be let out of jail. We are by no means sure that she ought not to be let out of jail, but if she ought it is certainly not because she was right about Finland.



OUT-OF-DATE SEATING ACCOMMODATION

For the truth is that Miss Buller, like a great number of other people in this Dominion and the United States and elsewhere, was right about Finland for the wrong reasons. It was no trouble to her to be right about Finland, because the basis of her thinking is that whatever the U.S.S.R. does is right, and since the U.S.S.R. was against Finland Miss Buller had to be against Finland also. But the U.S.S.R., for its own good reasons, was then not only against Finland but for Germany; and Miss Buller also was not only against Finland but for Germany. She was just as anxious that Canadians should not fight against Germany as that they should not fight for Finland against the U.S.S.R., and she said so with great freedom and persuasiveness, and so did an immense number of her comrades, some of whom are in jail or internment and most of whom are not.

Now however right Miss Buller may have been about Finland and the U.S.S.R., she was not right about Germany. That is, she was not right about Germany except from one particular standpoint, namely the standpoint of the interests of the U.S.S.R. It may, though even this we doubt, have been in the interests of the U.S.S.R. that Miss Buller and all the other people in Canada who now call themselves anti-Fascists should at that time have opposed the military effort of Canada against Germany; it may be that Moscow had to pay that price, as well as the price of its own national neutrality, for the two years of peace which enabled it to prepare to meet the ultimate German invasion. But Miss Buller is not in the U.S.S.R. and is not a citizen of the U.S.S.R. She is in Canada, and presumably a citizen of Canada. And the interests of Canada required then just as they require now that she should do whatever a loyal Canadian can do to aid, and abstain from doing anything to obstruct, Canada's war effort against Germany. Finland is an entirely minor matter, and Miss Buller was only right on Finland because she was wrong on Germany—wrong on Germany, that is, from the Canadian point of view. And people who take their point of view entirely from the U.S.S.R. or any other foreign nation, are liable to be wrong from the Canadian point of view about as often as they are right.

Unequal Opportunity

ONE of our favorite occupations in these columns in recent years has been the effort to convince the people of the more privileged parts of Canada (1) that they are more privileged, and (2) that they owe something to the people in the less privileged parts. We consider this rather a special obligation of ours, because *SATURDAY NIGHT* circulates more largely in the privileged areas, and indeed among the somewhat more privileged classes in those areas. We are always glad to find authoritative or statistical corroboration of the first of these points, and such corroboration has just come to hand in a bulletin of the Can-

adian Teachers' Federation, on "Financing Education in the Canadian Provinces." This bulletin confirms in the most striking manner the contention of the Sirois Report, that the system of imposing the whole burden of education on the local and provincial authorities, without national aid, puts the children of the under-privileged areas under a grievous handicap.

There is no blinking the fact that a high birthrate means a larger number of children to be educated by a given number of adults, with the result that each adult in the high-birthrate area must pay more for education or provide less of it per child. (There are of course other expenditures, notably those relating to health, which rise in the same manner.) The reiteration of this point, in the more prosperous parts of Ontario, is usually met by a contemptuous reference to rabbits and the statement that the people of Quebec and Saskatchewan should not have so many children; but, without taking up any dogmatic position on the subject of birth control, we are quite unable to concede that a population which is not producing enough children to maintain its own numbers has any moral right to criticize a population which is slightly increasing its numbers. (Birthrates per thousand of population, 1939: British Columbia 16, Ontario 17.1 but Protestant much lower, Quebec 24.8 but Catholic rather higher.) If we concede the right of Quebec and Saskatchewan to have as many children as they do, it must follow presumably that we should concede them the right to provide these children with a standard Canadian education. And we may as well recognize that in their present economic condition neither these two provinces nor New Brunswick can, out of their own resources, possibly manage to do so.

Assuming a theoretical educational "load" based on the attendance of every child from the age of five to that of seventeen (the actual load is of course lower than this but should not fall much below 80 per cent of it), British Columbia has 357 children to educate for every thousand adults, Ontario 419, Quebec 580, Saskatchewan 596, and New Brunswick 606. The ratio of the actual "load" (in the sense of number of children actually taught, without reference to the quality of the schooling) to this theoretical "load" is also ascertainable, and does not vary so much between provinces as one would suppose. Saskatchewan, by means of heroic sacrifices by both taxpayers and teachers, and because of its intense sense of the need for high cultural standards, manages to teach 75 per cent of its theoretical load, which is better than Ontario at 73 per cent; New Brunswick does 71 per cent, and Quebec is not exactly calculable owing to different statistical methods. It seems obvious enough that as between provinces where the educational burden is of the magnitude of 400 and those where it is of the magnitude of 600 there can be no real equality of education or of opportunity if each has to carry its own burden.

THE PASSING SHOW

WALT DISNEY is now making films to be used in training the United States army. This will teach the soldiers to carry out their duties in a very animated way.

Last week the mayor of Hamilton told the Hamilton Automobile Club that by the end of the year it may be a bicycle club. And next year a hiking club.

The Nazis are still said to be suffering from cold on the Eastern Front. It seems very strange that Dr. Goebbels hasn't dealt with this situation by altering the figures on their thermometers.

OUR ZOO

The Cheetah

In In'jah, sahibs think it spiffin'
Unperturbed to ring for tiffin
When they meetah
Cheetah.

The Bison

The bison and the buffalo
Worry me. I want to know:
Why, in the buffalo and bison,
Is the likeness so surprison?

STUART HEMSLEY.

Petawawa Military Camp has started a ski training course for selected soldiers. We are glad to report that everything is gliding along smoothly.

The Statue of the Republic in Paris is going to be melted down by the Germans. Apparently the Nazis don't believe in keeping souvenirs.

Last year the Canadian mint made fewer coins than in the preceding year. It is said that rustling and crackling are rapidly outdistancing jingling in popularity.

DEMENTED DEMOCRACY

The plebiscite,
And the referendum,
Are applied to vexed questions
In hopes to end 'em.

Do you think its wrong?
Do you think its right?
Says the referendum
(Or plebiscite).

Liberals, C.C.F.
And Tories
Din in our ears
With different stories.

Pox on politics!
Oh to send 'em
Where there's no plebiscite,
Or referendum.

Londoners paid no attention to two Scotland Yard men who recently put on German uniforms and walked about talking German. No doubt the citizens felt that after all the world's a small place.

A Winnipeg official states that there is a drug shortage on account of the war. For one thing, propaganda is the only German drug on the market.

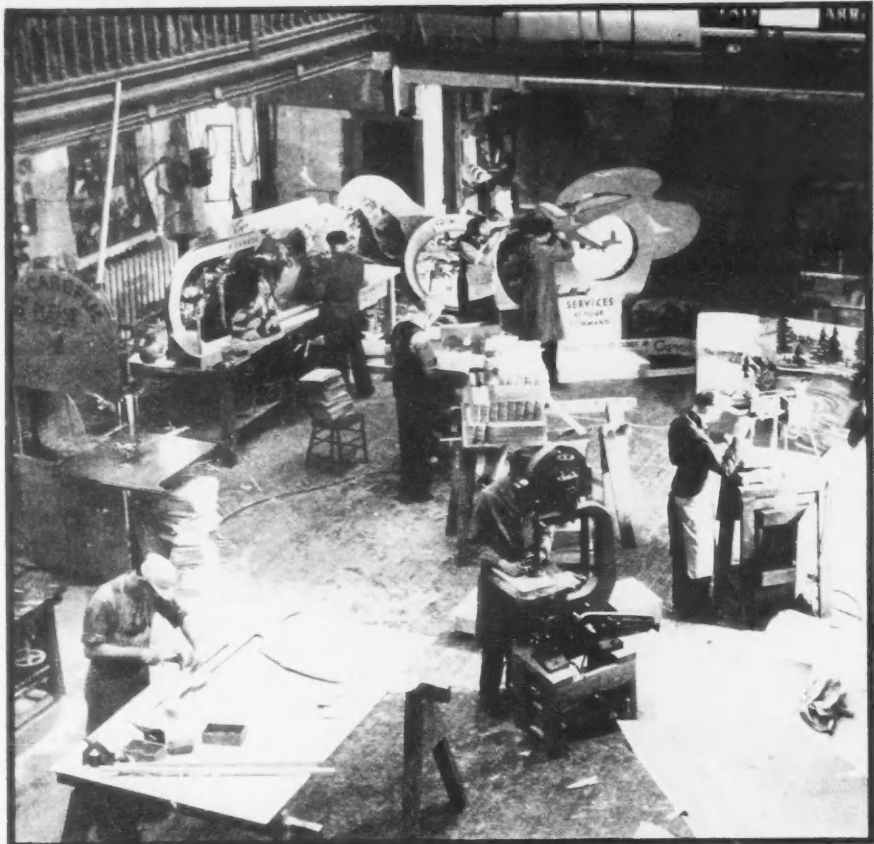
Several Nazi generals have fallen ill in recent weeks, but perhaps this is only a natural result of Hitler's war of nervousness.

On account of the labor shortage in Germany, only absolutely essential street-cleaning is being done there, says a European report. Such as picking up British bombs, for example.

Mr. King promised last week that a secret session of Parliament will be arranged if desired. Perhaps Mr. King has decided that other members of Parliament can keep a secret almost as well as he can.

Premier Tojo of Japan asserted recently that Japan would fight until the United States and Britain were "brought to their knees." This would enable the Americans and British to meet the little yellow men on a more equal basis.

Creation of Advertising and Travel Displays . . .



A general view of the main workshop where Vincent De Vita's staff produces display matter for national advertisers. Here they are working on Government travel displays to advertise Canadian attractions to the U.S.

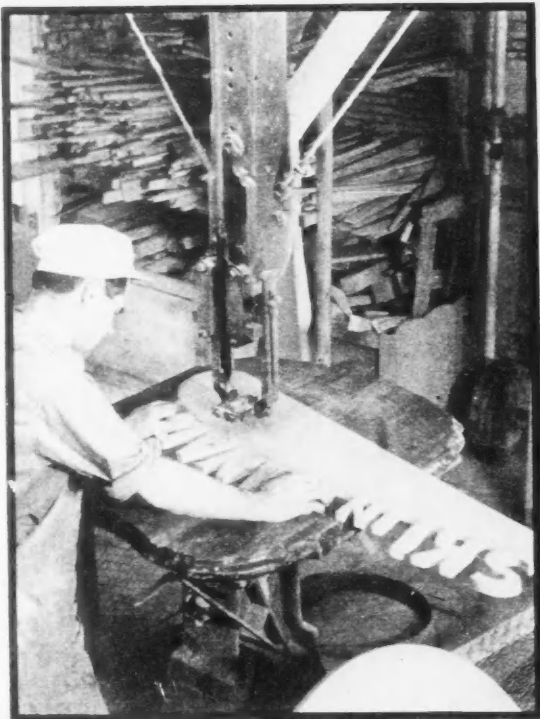


Vincent De Vita and one of his artists plan one of the studio's large travel displays. All displays are planned in finished size.



George Harvey, the shop foreman, is seen here cutting out of wood the figure for the ski-ing display which is being planned in picture at left.

Here is
the hun
living



Phil Green, one of the craftsmen, cuts out the top of a big ski-ing display which reads in block letters "Ski-ing in Canada".



Two artists, under the direction of Fred Heaman, shop supervisor, paint in the background of two of the large Government travel displays.



Art Director Alex. Davidson, in background, is placing the finishing touches on a display depicting the summer attractions of Canada; and George Fnaiss, brilliant young art student, whose work is becoming well known, paints a bathing beauty. Finished display is on page 5.

BY "JAY"

VINCENT DeVITA is an artist who has turned his ability and knowledge to the world of advertising. Unlike many artists he is neither temperamental nor self-centred. His success in his chosen field has been in direct relation to his unstinting contribution to Canadian youth—especially those young men and women who believe they have within them the spark of artistic genius. Let us read what he himself says about these young people. I quote from a speech he made to his fellow Rotarians during the last year on the subject of Display Art: "At this point I should like to pay a tribute to the young Canadian artist. You may think this has nothing to do with this address, but in reality it has. I am going to read this tribute for fear that if I speak it I might not be sufficiently explicit. I began life at the age of sixteen when as a total stranger I was dropped in the middle of New York city.

"It was then that I began learning of the temperament implanted in North American youth by the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and you can believe me when I tell you that I am in a position to understand the cosmopolitan temperament—Fellows, when it comes to initiative, virility, ingenuity, and all the fine attributes of a young person, put your money on a young Canadian.

"I say this because I recognize that these qualities are the inherent qualities of every young Canadian artist; and all that he needs is a chance—in other words, encouragement. Please lend him your ear, collaborate with him. This youth has anxieties. Monumental perplexities are in this young artist's soul. He is modest by nature, that is another grand attribute which I have found in the young Canadian artist, and, unless we work with him he will feel himself abandoned.

"He dreams, and as he dreams this young man tries to confer apotheosis on everything that is beau-

tiful. Please, also, remember that your future products cannot be properly advertised unless they are backed by the creative genius of our young Canadian artists.

"Make this youngster feel that all he has to do is to put on paper the creation which is in his soul; that he is going to be made to feel that no other artist in the world has more stuff than he has, and I will guarantee you that our young Canadian artist will beat the pants off any foreign artist—if we help him."

YOUNG artists work in Vincent DeVita's studios. Some are still attending art school and putting into practice the things they have learned and are learning. Others come to him at odd hours during the day for advice and for his comments on their work; and not a few, who today are making a name for themselves, thank him for his advice and encouragement.

Among these young artists are Donald Anderson, who painted the portrait of the Duke of Kent which was on display at the Canadian National Exhibition in 1941. He is a member of the R.C.A.F., and in that capacity is still painting.

Another is Rodolfo Nicoletti, who previous to joining the Navy, was Art Director of the Studios, and, like Anderson, is carrying on his work as an artist in the Navy.

Edna Cherry, who is still a student at the Ontario College of Art, is a frequent visitor to DeVita Studios, and merited the International Business Machines Scholarship at the Ontario College of Art.

These are but a few who, to use Vincent DeVita's own words, prove the virility of the young Canadian artists, and encourage him to carry on his hobby of helping them.

We were fortunate to be able to visit DeVita's studios while a government project was in production. The

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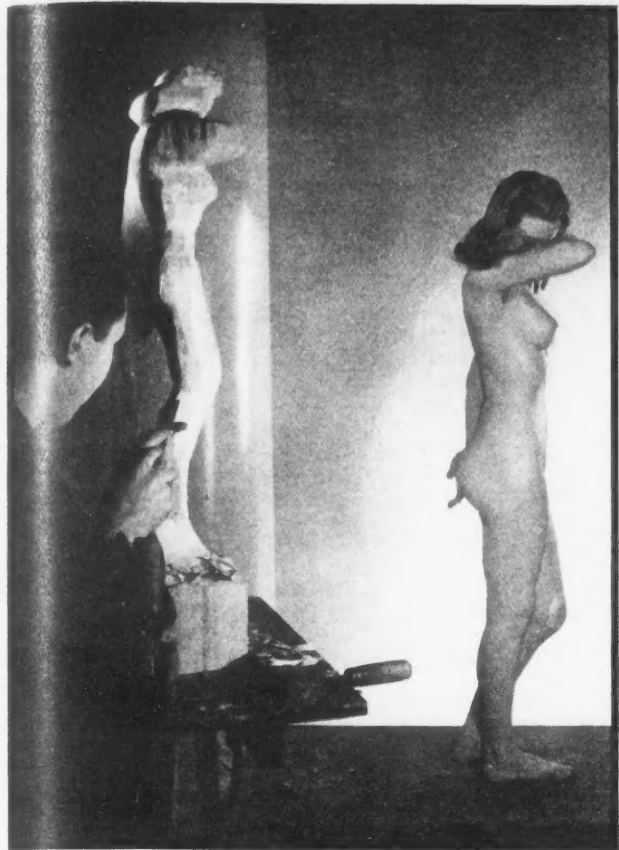
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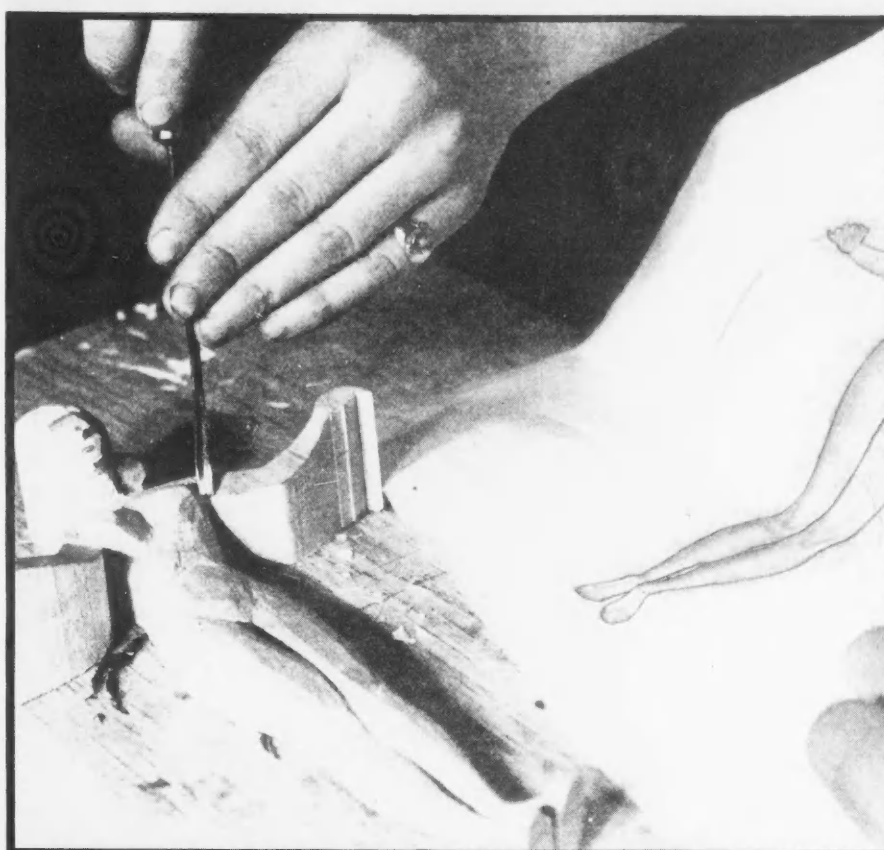
... Requires Artists' Talents, Craftsmen's Skill



Here is where the sculptor begins to interpret the human form in wood. Vincent De Vita uses living models from the Ontario College of Art.



Artist William Parsons works with a model to make a sketch for an advertisement for undergarments which will shortly appear in print.



A craftsman, working from a scaled model which is shown partially at the right, brings wood to life. First, sketch is made from a living model, then wood carving is made and is later painted in flesh tones.

Dominion Government Travel Bureau is undertaking an extensive advertising campaign in the United States to attract tourist travel into Canada. Large displays, depicting the resources for recreation in Canada, are to be shown in all parts of the U.S.A. and from the creation of the idea to the packing in huge boxes, the whole work is being done in De Vita's studios.

Talking to Leo Dolan, chief of the Government Travel Bureau, we learned the real reason for this work and the expected results.

Because of the extreme limitations of travel abroad, many of the large resort and travel bureaus in the United States applied to the Canadian Government for window displays depicting the attractions offered by our country. Leo Dolan's department consulted with the officials of the Exhibition Commission of the Department of Trade and Commerce, headed by F. P. Cosgrove, and it was finally decided to go ahead and have a variety made.

De Vita Studios are well known to the Department as they have many times in the past enjoyed its patronage; in fact much of the Canadian Government's display at the New York World's Fair came out of the large building which houses the Studios. Panels for this display were designed, and the sculpturing and murals were all done in the Studios. Vincent De Vita was asked to submit ideas and sketches. In due course a choice was made, and we happened along at the opportune moment to photograph for this article the actual construction of these displays.

They do show in a colorful way the things we have to offer to the traveller from the United States. Their distribution has been carefully thought out to achieve the best results. They will be displayed in the affiliated offices of the American Automobile Association, in some of

the large newspaper offices, as well as many of the bus offices. Several of the exhibits will be sent to the Canadian Trade Commissioners in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, where they will be utilized by these officers to promote and develop our tourist industry.

The number of Automobile clubs which will display them is unknown at the present time, but they will circulate from the main office of the A.A.A. at Washington, and one will go to the Keystone Automobile club at Philadelphia. In all, it is thought that fifty or sixty cities in the United States will show these exhibits during the year.

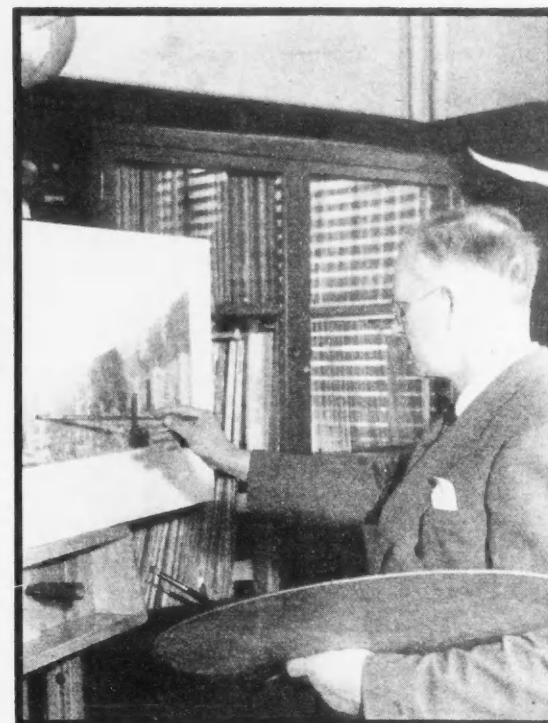
AS DOLAN says, it is difficult to estimate how many millions of people will see these displays. But it is certain that they will, by their artistic merit, be of great help in the promotion campaign now being carried out by the Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

Is there art in modern advertising? Vincent De Vita answers "Yes." In his speech to the Rotary Club he said, "Please also remember that your future products cannot be properly advertised unless they are backed by the creative genius of our young Canadian artists."

To his Studios De Vita brings from the Ontario College of Art living models to pose for his artists in order to obtain accuracy of form and posture. To his Studios he invites that celebrated Canadian artist, Fred S. Haines, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, to design an important mural. In Mr. Haines, De Vita finds an inspiration not only for himself, but for his whole staff of artists and craftsmen. His presence at the Studios is sought as often as possible for advice, and, as Vincent De Vita so candidly admits, encouragement. Together these two men, perhaps more than any other two men in Canada, labor continuously for the appreciation of Canadian art.



A finished display on exhibition. This display is shown being assembled on page 5. Note the size of the figures in comparison to man.



Fred S. Haines, President of the Royal Canadian Academy executing the design for a large mural in Vincent De Vita's studio.



When displays are completed, they are assembled and given the final approval by De Vita. Each part is numbered and a plan is made so that when display reaches its destination, it can be correctly erected. Special cases are made with compartments for each part of the display.

In Quebec They're Making Tanks, Guns, Planes

BY ROSITA FORBES

AWAY I went from Ottawa with its effect of vigorous striving growth. Away from Toronto where office and factory suggest the day after tomorrow, where camp and depot pour a flood of youth in khaki or Air-Force blue into the busy streets . . . to an older land with an air of established dignity. I had been told that Quebec Province would be France. It is not—but it IS the original Canada. As I motored fifty and a hundred miles from Montreal through homely villages dominated by their churches, I felt I had stepped back into history.

I saw the small white house, green-roofed, where the Duke of Kent, who was Queen Victoria's father, spent the summer when he was Governor of Quebec. I saw three hundred years of quiet diligence, of patience, of simple thrift, of a civilization deep-rooted but because of its ancient culture the very antithesis of the "tough guy" cult instituted in the U.S.A. And from every sharp-edged township, planned as a whole, not struggling into eager expansion, with their monuments to centuries old heroism and their consciousness of woman—that Latin-bred tribute which has nothing to do with the flesh men who loved the land and had lived by it was pouring into war factories.

So that, after all, impressions of Quebec Province sharply imposed upon a background of large, self-sufficient families, of isolation in the forests and alongside the frozen rivers, of wit and an international understanding in the towns where men and women with two languages at their disposal expressed to perfection their teeming ideas were of tanks, shells, guns and planes.

Hundreds to Thousands

I visited a factory which for 40 years had built engines and had turned itself almost overnight into a tank plant. "We started setting up our machines before the roof was on and we had to cover them up at night with tar paper or sacking to prevent them freezing. We began training our experts with hammers still going overhead. Our idea then was a few hundred tanks, but we've changed to a good many thousands now."

At the end of a vast building, whose acres of concrete, steel and glass, whose army corps of machines have sprung up to serve our mutual armies in Asia and Africa, as well as Russia's armies in Europe, I saw the new thirty-ton medium cruisers,

"ships" of the desert and the forest, but with much more than the strongest ship's power of endurance. They seemed to me particularly suitable for modern campaigning which depends on the maximum possible invisibility. For they are much lower-built than the high turreted American tank with a gun-cupola on top so that the whole structure offers a considerable work for Germany's superlative gunners. Nazi tanks, as you have seen from pictures, crawl over Libyan desert like flat beetles and even the habitual mirage can not magnify them for the benefit of airplane observation.

Your new cruisers which can do 25 to 30 miles an hour and that's pretty fast for a tank have steel armor several inches thick, cast, not riveted, for extra strength. Off this rough surface, looking rather like elephant hide, bullets ricochet as if they were hailstones. Very specially manoeuvrable are your new light tanks, of a kind not yet in action, and to this I can bear painful testimony. For I was thrust down a hole into the gunner's seat beside the driver and taken over the test-ground. The tank behaved like an eel and a kangaroo combined, with a dash of steeplechaser when it saw an obstacle usually considered unsurmountable. I on the other hand came out of it with the squashed feeling of prune-mould, so familiar after hours standing in Moscow street cars with a few ministerial elbows crushed into one's ribs and laboring boots planted firmly upon one's own. Such is equality, stimulating to the spirit, but painful to the feet!

Veterans of the locomotive industry are now training hosts of new tank-makers. Most of them I saw were French-speaking Canadians. "They have been all sorts," explained a foreman, "milkmen and clerks and farmers and salesmen, but mostly on the land. It's wonderful how looking after animals seems to give you a way with a machine. In my time it took seven months to train a man for one job, but we've speeded things up a lot. Now we expect twice as much work, with half or a third the learning." "And you get it?" I asked. The foreman nodded. "I guess the war's got us all hurrying. We didn't know what we could do till the Government asked the impossible. That got us all 'het up' and we thought we'd show 'em, so we did it!" "What difference do you find

This is the second article in which Rosita Forbes, the celebrated traveller and journalist, gives her impressions of Canada at war.

In the Province of Quebec she found a quantity of production in all kinds of heavy armament, and an enthusiasm among the workers which delighted her.

To Miss Forbes, Quebec represents not only guns, but Canadian vision of a noble order.

between your French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians?" I asked. "Not much, 'cept perhaps the French are quieter and they take better to discipline. Grand workers they are and very careful, but when they go home at nights, they forget about their jobs, whereas the Englishmen and the Scots have always got it on the brain. They work out their bright ideas at night and chase me with them in the mornings!" "Are they any good?" I asked. "Yes," was the answer. "We've lots of sensible initiative in this 350,000 square feet of building."

Tanks and Women

A very young-looking 40-year-old American, lent by the Tank Corps, who'd driven for 5 days in the France of Dunkirk, told me "Tanks are like women. There's not one but has a temperament of its own. You don't know what to expect till you've got your hands on the levers." He added, "Canadians are always good with tanks. They're darned obstinate themselves and every man's his own natural boss, so they can get the better of even one of these person-plus machines!"

In a shell-case factory which has not closed for one single hour since munitions production began, I saw a man boring and trimming cases at the rate of 1,100 in an eight-hour shift. "That's a record," explained the manager, "and our U.S.A. visitors tell us there's no plant on their side turning out the same quantity with the same amount of machinery."

I also saw the plant "at lunch." This was only a phrase, for looking down into the big hall with its double row of enormous hydraulic and mechanical presses which turn a brass disc 4½ inches in diameter into a tube 12½ inches long, at least 40 'catch-up' men were still working, sandwiches in hand, bottled tea beside them.

It was interesting to see the endless

procession of cases, fat and shining like altar candles, passing on a rolling belt into the flames and out again with the metal softened ready for tapering. And then the inspection, by girls with quick accurate hands, some of them from shops and domestic service, some graduates from the universities, some wives of soldiers and budding pilots, some already war-widows. "A defective casting, a crack in bolt or screw may be as dangerous as an enemy plane," is the slogan of the benches, where women pass the shell-cases and mark them so that whenever and wherever a round is fired in Libya, China, Russia, Singapore, in our own English fields or in a raid on Norway that shot could be traced to the day and place of its making, to the man who made it and the official who inspected it.

And your famous Bolingbroke bombers training young Canada, and young Australia, America and Britain too, to carry our war over all the German-occupied parts of a two thousand mile coastline from the Arctic circle to the still bluer than blue Mediterranean. I've seen them grow from sheet metal into rows and rows of fighting planes. No less than 80,000 different parts go into each of these bombers, not to mention a little matter of 600,000 rivets as well. And each of these myriad objects, some thirteen to fourteen million a month, pass along the inspection benches and through the grip of instruments which test for pressure and strain and flaw of every kind.

Forty-thousand working hours go into the making of each Bolingbroke and a lot of ingenuity as well, for the adaptability of the firm is its pride. "We have no 1½ inch split pins," gasped a comparative novice dismayed by his own orthodox mind. "No?" said a foreman. "Well—cut ½ inch off the requisite number of 2 inch split pins." This resort has become the measure of the plant's power of "making do with what it

hasn't got!" The result is a ship (of the air) adapted to special Canadian climatic requirements, but otherwise duplicating our Blenheim, the backbone of our attack on a continent arming perforce under Hitler's immeasurable brutality. With a range of 1,900 miles and a crew of four, the Benhims have carried a 1,000-pound bomb load as far as Munich.

Over Both Oceans

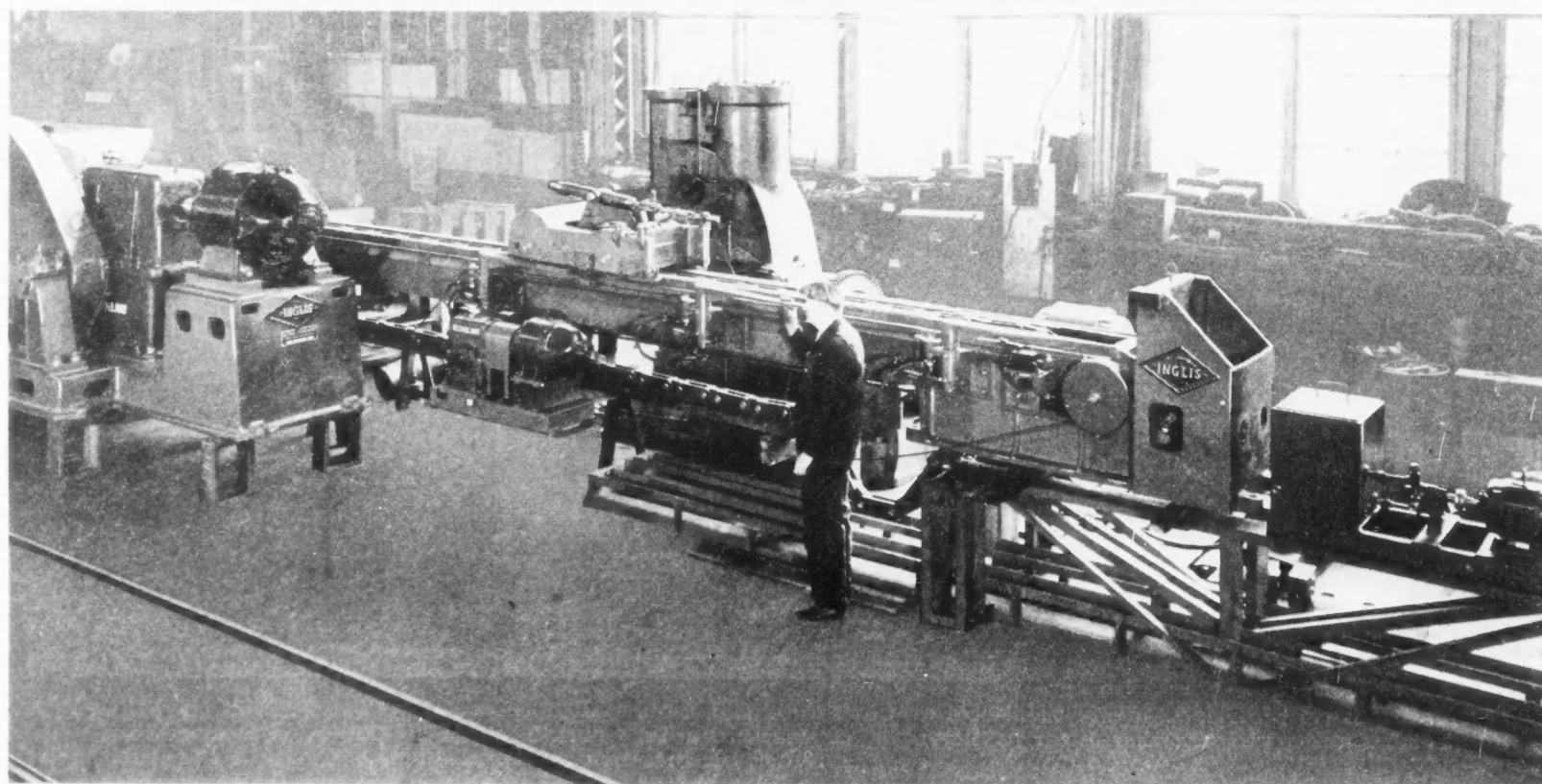
Bolingbroke have long been in use on Atlantic patrol and now they must be taking on a lot of the Pacific as well. As I sat in the pilot's seat under curved cellulose hued until it can be shaped into the long top portion of a bomber, clear as glass but lighter and unsplintered, I thought of what the navigator of the future would see through the same gunsight, a red mark in a circle, as he dived perhaps upon a submarine or an enemy supply ship, its anti-aircraft guns in action. I remember also such bombers coming to our rescue when in mid-winter on a big liner we were attacked by a German submarine in the Irish Channel. Quicker than any living thing they flung out of the clouds and their bombs fell in exact circles until a widening patch of oil showed that the enemy had given up!

Last I saw the most impressive of all Quebec Province production, the colossal new plant producing twenty-five pounders and naval guns. "The first brick was laid in October, 1939," said the manager who belongs to a French-speaking family as famous as his plant, "and I promised the men a good drink if they got it finished by New Year's Day. They did it by five o'clock and they got that drink! But my technicians whom I'd brought over from France had lost a lot of working hours watching those buildings grow they kept writing to their wives. 'You should come and see it it is unbelievable, but it is happening!'"

End of Depression

That was the end of the depression so far as the whole district was concerned. Like locusts, like mosquitoes, farm laborers besieged the plant, demanding jobs. "We had 2,500 orientation tests to discover the special and different abilities of agricultural workers determined to be machinists," explained the manager, and that was the beginning of a fifty million dollar effort still growing and expanding in all directions. Telegrams from Mr. Howe, able Minister of Munitions with a genius for getting things done . . . and multiplied as well . . . congratulating the plant on its first hundred guns, are 'old history' now, so far as any of Canada's amazing war industry can be considered 'old'; for in 14 acres of modern buildings I saw scrap iron turned into guns. First there were vast piles of houses and sheds filled with scrap looked like the results of a bombardment on a railway station with axes, springs, rails. Then there came ingots, 10, 20 and 30 feet long, red-hot from the furnaces by a pair of iron pincers attached to a "manipulator." This extraordinary machine clutches the ingot and thrusts the glowing mass into a hydraulic press with 2,000 ton pressure to the square inch. Out of this came the forging from which the gun barrels are made and all in one vast hall I saw them bored, threaded, mounted. They emerged complete on their gun carriages, ready for battle. Not only does this plant make its own guns from scrap iron, forging its own steel, making its own tools and fittings, but the far-sighted brothers who run it bought up 150 derelict ships for their metal and discovered when war went mad under the Atlantic that some of them could be used as an almost last resource for their old job of freighting. So Stew to me represents, not only guns, but the vision which made Canada and the initiative which keeps her three armies in the front line—her Expeditionary Force, her Field Force growing essential food and her Factories helping to arm three continents.

TAFFY PULL AT THE INGLIS PLANT!



BUT IT ISN'T TAFFY—It's cold rolled steel that's getting pulled into shape. INGLIS craftsmanship produces this 50,000 lb. Draw Bench. This interesting example of human ingenuity pulls cold steel with the ease and nonchalance of a housewife drawing thread through a needle.

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Tunis is vital to the powers warring for control in North Africa: it is at once an entrance for supplies and an exit for armies retreating out of Libya.

HALFWAY between Gibraltar and Suez, forming one side of a "bottleneck" in the Mediterranean, less than 90 miles wide at its narrowest point, Tunisia seems destined to play a vital part in the struggle for control of the Mediterranean. Ancient Carthage stood only a few miles from the present city of Tunis and rose to power and wealth because of its position. The cutting of the Suez canal and the coming of the aeroplane have increased the strategic importance of the position.

The history of Tunis since the establishment of the French protectorate in 1881 had been comparatively uneventful when on November 30th 1938 Deputies in the Italian Chamber rose after a speech by Count Ciano and shouted the now famous cry: "Tunis, Corsica, Nice." The Italians did not get control of Tunis after the defeat of France, but recently the claim to it has been revived by Count Ciano's paper "Rivista Internazionale". The cry has been revived, perhaps, because the Italians had waked up to the fact that it was much more likely the Nazis would grab the key positions. Nazi experts, technicians, officials and soon have been busy in French North Africa. For some time a so-called German mission, headed by Baron von Neurath's son, has been working from Tunis.

Strategically Situated

Tunisia "backs" onto Tripoli and any army trapped in the latter country would have no alternative but to surrender or enter Tunisia. Already the Germans are believed to have made extensive use of the country for the Libyan campaign. It has been alleged that French tanks and motor transport, obviously from Tunisia, have been found in the German columns and German transports have had to find safety by using the narrow water dividing Tunisia and Sicily. Cape Bon, the northeast tip of Tunisia, is only 110 miles from Palermo, with an actual sea crossing of only 90 miles and 194 miles from Catania, much bombed by the R.A.F. The method of the German transports is to make a dash for Cape Bon in darkness and then hug the Tunisian territorial waters for 300 miles to reach Tripoli. This is, of course, a flagrant violation of French territorial waters under the terms of international law.

The aerodromes of Tunisia, well developed by the French before the war are obviously of vital importance for from them even fighters can patrol the narrow channel between Europe and Africa. This name, by the way, was first applied by the Romans to this small part of the great continent. Tunis is 240 miles from Malta, 50 miles from Marseilles, 325 miles from Naples and 368 miles from Algiers to which it is connected by rail with connections to Casablanca, Fez and other large towns of French Africa. These railways were completed only in 1934 and were one of the reasons for Italy's sudden new interest in this part of the world.

Mixed Population

The city of Tunis itself is inland, being built on the isthmus between two salt lakes. A channel about seven miles long connecting the city with the sea has been deepened so that ocean-going ships can enter the city port from the Gulf of Tunis.

The population of Tunis is about 220,000, the 50,000 Italians outnumbering the French. The people are very mixed, the largest group being the Moslems. An interesting minority are the Maltese who live in a district north of the Avenue de France known as "Little Malta". These Maltese have always insisted on maintaining their British nationality although permanently settled in a foreign country. The Italians have been well established in Tunis since ancient times when they were taken there first as slaves and later as colonists. A great many of them work in essen-

tial public services such as railways and lighting.

The rainy season begins in Tunis in January, but the wet is not excessive, the whole annual rainfall being about 17 inches. It results in a magnificent burst of wild flowers in Spring which comes in February. The hills round Tunis are very fine. From the 4000 feet high Zaghan

BY DAVID G. JOHNSTON

thirty miles away comes the City's water just as it did more than two thousand years ago when Carthage bathed in prosperity. Wild olives, cherries, plums, hollies, myrtles and ivy grow freely. The heat is not excessive and the thermometer rarely rises above 90 degrees.

Apart from its position, Tunisia has considerable natural wealth. The seas now made unsafe by British submarines are rich in fish, particularly tunny and the tunny fisheries are amongst the largest in the world. The deposits of phosphates seem inexhaustible and before the war about one third of the world supply of phosphates were mined in Tunisia. These

would be valuable to impoverished European farms if transport were available. Iron, zinc and lead are also mined.

Up to the French occupation, agreed to by Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, Britain had considerable interests in Tunisia, including ownership of lighthouses, waterworks and gasworks. Indeed, had it not been a pawn in the game of European politics, it is probable that Tunis, the largest city in north Africa outside Egypt, would have become a British protectorate.



A TRIBUTE TO THE "OLD BOYS" OF THE R.E.C. • R.N.A.S. • R.A.F.

I WONDER if the youngsters flying today—mine among 'em—know just what we had to put up with, back in '16, '17 and '18. Of course, the lads who soared aloft in the earlier days of the last war, to duel in even frailer kites, were up against a great deal more.

"But when I arrived over—about the time Bishop, Barker, Colishaw and other Canadian lads were making names for themselves—wings were just starting to sprout in a big way.

"Yet, every minute you were upstairs, you had one eye cocked for an emergency landing spot. You see, we never could trust an engine in those days—oil line was always breaking—motors quitting cold.

"But today, nobody gives a moment's thought about his engine. Like Old Man

River, you just keep rollin' along. Get lost today—then what? A board full of gauges show you the way to go home. What did fellows like MacLaren, Brown, McKeever and the rest of us do? Get lost—then find our way home somehow. We couldn't even bail out—'chutes didn't exist. Today, they even give you a 'Mac West' in case you fall in the drink.

"Remember those Camels? Great ships in their day—but conked out at high altitudes, just wouldn't manoeuvre. And the Spads—honeys for power diving, but that's about all. Nieuports? Good all around ships, but flying snails—you were 'cold meat' for any speedy Hun that got on your tail. And, of course, I could mention those rotary engine jobs that almost shook your back teeth out.

"Man! Am I glad the planes our lads are flying today have *everything*—no matter how high they hit the ceiling!"

Right you are, Old Timer! What you say is true—and you boys did a grand job, the best of any Air Force. It is also true that British and American plane builders have made miraculous progress in aircraft and engine design since the close of the last war.



But the same applies to enemy countries.

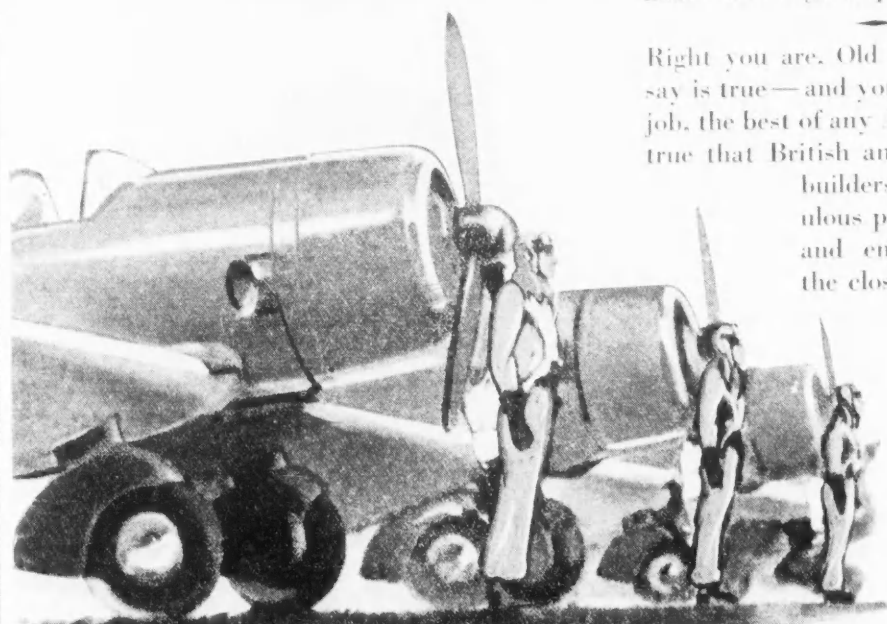
Our boys—your boy—are up against planes that can take 500-mile-per-hour power dives, speed over 350 miles per hour, loop, bank, zoom and equal in fire-power the best of ours today.

Better trained pilots are not enough. We must hurl into the blue, swarms of bombers and fighters that have a definite edge on enemy planes. This is the task—and to this end 8,000 loyal Thompson workers are producing at top speed and skill the precision parts for engines and planes so vital to the needs of the hour.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS LTD. • ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

Other Plants: Cleveland, Detroit and Los Angeles
Subsidiaries at Toledo and Euclid, Ohio

Manufacturers of over 1,000 different aircraft engine and airplane parts; and of original and replacement parts for the automotive industry. A pioneer of the sodium cooled aircraft engine valve.



Thompson



Products

Nazi Super Race Is Built From the Ground Up

IT IS a very great pity that "Education for Death" by Dr. Gregor Riemer, just published by Oxford University Press, was not made available to the public three years ago. Then it might have changed the course of history. At least it could hardly have failed to show to every person who read it, the reality of the Nazi menace, and the utter impossibility of compromise with it. It would also have shown to the democratic countries the enormity of the task before them. Even now it seems to me that it is still in some quarters not completely realized.

It is for this reason that I have expanded what should have been an ordinary book-review of some three hundred words, into an article which will give the salient points of this remarkable work, and perhaps serve as a final warning of what lies in front of us. Nothing in Dr. Riemer's book was unknown to him in 1939 at the beginning of the War. We cannot fail to believe that what he saw then has continued until the present day with ever increasing power and concentration. So the book has as much importance now as then. Then we might have awakened earlier. Now it only remains to open our eyes wider and gird up our loins more strongly.

Dr. Riemer, a native American, presumably of German origin, was the head of an American school in Berlin that catered to exiled American children. He had held this position for many years before the war, and appears to have carried on his work quietly, without giving offence to the new regime, except in so far as he continued to harbor a few Jews. By a subtle mixture of flattery and

apparent approval he seems to have gained the confidence of the Nazi leaders, and was left comparatively undisturbed. All around him he watched the old educational system of Germany, which in the last days of the 19th century was a model for the world, imitated but seldom excelled anywhere, being gradually replaced by something entirely different, something that had nothing to do with true education as we understand it in democratic countries, but was the deliberate schooling of a whole nation for world domination through force of arms. In the quiet of his academic retreat he observed the new movement, and noted the outward signs, the attention to physical education, the cult of Fuehrer worship, the marked increase in illegitimate births, the brutal sports of the very young. And he decided to make the attempt to see Nazi education from inside.

Again his technique of flattery worked. Dr. Bernhard Rust, the Minister for Culture, gave him a blanket permission to visit any educational establishment he desired. Since Nazi education claimed to start with the unborn child, clinics and maternity rest houses were included in the schedule.

Debased Cultural Centre

Dr. Riemer certainly carried out his self-appointed task thoroughly. Not only did he visit every kind of institution that might have a bearing on his investigation, but he even enrolled as a student of the University of Heidelberg, which was in its heyday the very centre of European culture, though now so transformed as to be almost unrecognizable. As a result of his tour Dr. Riemer concluded that the Nazi system of education is diabolically successful in its aim of creating, not only scientists, but aviators, technicians, organizers and even cheerleaders for the aggrandizement of Germany. And at the same time it creates a whole army of women whose sole purpose is to bear children, that more Nazis may be raised up to the glory of Hitler, and the system endure for a "thousand years."

Dr. Riemer could have used no other word. Diabolical it is indeed when the highest quality that men may possess—the quality that makes artists and saints and martyrs, the truly religious emotion that is strongest in the formative years of childhood and youth, the quality of self-sacrifice—is deliberately debased by a power-seeking oligarchy in command of all the resources of a modern scientific state, into an instrument of barbaric aggression. But nothing

BY STEWART C. EASTON

Dr. Gregor Riemer, the head of an American school in Berlin, was permitted to view from within the Nazi system of education which had as its avowed object the creation of a super-race for the conquest of the world.

The writer of this article, in reviewing Dr. Riemer's book, points out how there is a second army to be overcome after the physical conquest of Germany: an army that can only be conquered by re-education.

is to be gained at this stage by calling it names. The fact must first be understood, and then reckoned with.

The saying of the early Jesuits that if they have the education of a child for its first seven years of life, nothing later can eradicate these first impressions, is well known. The Nazis have gone better than this. The child is theirs from the moment of conception until his education is completed, and he is taken into adult service by the state. In pursuance of the need for more Germans for the program of world mastery, an immediate effort was made to increase the birth rate as soon as Hitler came into power. History records that the Roman Emperors Nerva and Trajan, alarmed at the decrease in the birth rate and the influx of foreigners into Italy, relieved parents from the whole economic burden of bearing and supporting children. The birth rate nevertheless continued to decline. Perhaps those Emperors did not possess the Nazi mastery of propaganda, nor the necessary understanding of Roman psychology. No one can urge this against Goebbels.

Marriage loans were freely granted in Germany, and no repayment was required if four children were born within a reasonable period. If women do not care to get married, this is still no bar to motherhood. Every unmarried pregnant woman is treated as a heroine. All she has to do is to declare that the father is a good Aryan, and she will be admitted to a "Mother and Child" home. There, in idyllic surroundings, it will be born, and thereafter cared for by the State.

The "Hitler Kammer"

The sinister side of this eugenic activity is to be seen in the "Frauen Kliniken" also visited by Dr. Riemer. Here women, who, for racial or other reasons, are considered unlikely to produce good Aryan supermen, are efficiently prevented by operation from ever having children. But if by any chance children should still be born who are physically or mentally feeble, there is the notorious "Hitler Kammer" where they are painlessly put to death. Dr. Riemer visited a school for the feeble-minded where tests were being made of older children who had been born before the Nazi regime. In this "school" the State tried to discover if any of the children would ever be fit for the more subordinate menial positions which had to be filled otherwise by "supermen." If they could not make this grade, then for them too the "Hitler Kammer" waited.

From an early age in the schools girls are instructed in sex matters, and "encouraged to take an interest in their own biological functions." Their emotions are skilfully worked upon and often they become hysterical in their desire to bear children for Hitler and the New Germany. Girl after girl, of all ages from eight upwards, Dr. Riemer interviewed with the same results. To a Western mind, with our ideas of emancipation, and our knowledge of the contribution women may make to national culture, it seems almost incredible that all these girls should be content to forego all thinking, all artistic activity, and accept the subordinate place they are assigned under the Nazi regime. Yet Dr. Riemer records the fact, and never came across a single example of a young woman

who was anything except contented and proud of her role. Such is the force of emotional psychology, and the appeal to the too often unused religious element in humanity.

But of course it is to the young male that Nazi education is primarily directed. Women are only expected to serve in a domestic capacity, or as spies, a profession which is also taught them, but men are required for almost everything else. From the age of six the boy is entirely within a Nazi atmosphere. First of all he joins the "Pimpf," then the "Jung-volk" and finally the "Hitler Youth." Afterwards the S.A. and S.S. are open to him.

His education at first is almost entirely physical, and what the Nazis call moral. Boy psychology is extraordinarily well understood. He is taught military games, always strenuous and often brutal. At an early age he learns the use of firearms and mechanized equipment. He is allowed to "play" with model airplanes, and later is taught to glide and given the rudiments of flying. He is also taught science and technology as soon as he is old enough.

All cultural subjects are despised as fitting only to Jews and democracies. Nothing is taught without its immediate and apparent use in the world Hitler envisages. Secret rites and initiations, always dear to the heart of youth, are carried out with semi-mystical elaboration, as soon as the boy reaches a higher order of responsibility. Continuously throughout his career ever more solemn oaths of fidelity to Hitler are exacted.

All for Hitler

The Nazi youth knows nothing beyond the Nazi world conception; he is totally ignorant of anything that goes on beyond the borders of Germany until he is considered sufficiently "educated" and safe to be allowed a travel permit for fifth column or other duties in the service of the State. There is no travelling for pleasure or cultural advancement. He is taught, and implicitly believes, for no outside influence is allowed to contaminate him—that the greatest joy in life is to sacrifice everything for Hitler.

The State and the Fatherland are personalized always, since it is well understood that youth has an urge towards hero-worship. Hitler personifies Germany's strength and Germany's will. He is omnipresent and godlike, and the religious passion of German youth is made to focus upon him. No other worship is allowed him. His parents could not influence him if they would. The Gestapo would soon hear of it if they made the attempt. If there are any left in

Germany who desire to see the end of Germany, they must keep their views severely to themselves. Even their own children would inform against them if they suspected their secret.

This is the lesson we in the democracies must learn. There are no schools in Germany but Nazi schools. This means that everyone who in 1933 had not completed his education will have been influenced by Nazi thought and exposed to no other. It means that those who are now growing to maturity will have absorbed nine years of Nazi teachings and will be ready to die for their beliefs. It means that when we have physically conquered Germany, every child that grows to maturity in the nine or ten years thereafter will have been affected in his plastic years by these doctrines. Every single one of them will have solemnly sworn many times to die for Hitler, and will have known no other goal in life but to be worthy of him and to follow his dictates.

The war will not be over with the physical conquest. In many ways the most difficult task of all will still be before us. Dr. Riemer's suggestion that North Americans must be taught emotionally that democracy and freedom are things to cherish, is important, and the beginning cannot be made too soon. But this is not all. We shall need German speaking men and women with fire in their hearts and minds, who, under the protection of the Army of Occupation, will spread the news in what is left of Germany. No more stupendous spiritual task will ever have been attempted in the history of man. But the attempt will have to be made, and the time to start thinking of it and preparing for it, is today.

THE DYING DRAGONFLY AND THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

SEE how a thing of beauty dies,
Rare, O rare the jewelled eyes
That now as fades the fainting
breath
Resign themselves to sightless
death.
(My lady's face shows no surprise.)
Once these quivering, glassy wings
Passing where the skylark sings
Could, in colors clear and fair
Dissect the brightness of the air
(My lady's mind's on other things.)

The needle body knows decay
That threaded the sky but yesterday—
Such beauty dying surely must
Leave some message in the dust.
(Heedless, my lady goes her way.)

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Hemisphere Plan Will Be Toned Down

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

Ottawa, Ont.

WHILE everybody else seems to be in a condition of major or minor distress over the plebiscite business (except, perhaps, Mr. King) there's a little coterie of men in Ottawa with co-workers in Toronto, Winnipeg and other centres of advanced thinking across the country—who are going their way these days rejoicing. Probably they would be named to be named, but we aren't going to give them that pleasure because being an old dog that finds it hard to learn new tricks, we don't care much for their isolated joy in the midst of the general gloom and still less for their supposed occasion for it. In fact it is because of the morbid satisfaction we get from advancing the proposition that their pleasure is premature that we are discussing the matter at all.

The thing that is causing these anonymous toilers in the Capital to rejoice while others weep (over the plebiscite) is that Washington plan revealed by the newspapers the middle of last week but ignored by the editors in their indignation at Mr. King's iniquity for a "Western Hemisphere Economic Union" under the aegis of the United States. The plan that, according to the published terms, is to topple tariff walls, break down exchange barriers, make "all the Americas" as one for the duration after which we are to see.

Most of you, reading the report of the plan, probably thought that here was a real move towards getting this continent's—in some measure this hemisphere's—weight behind the job of beating Hitler and Hirohito. A bit ambitious, it may have seemed to you, biting off a lot for one chew, but still a case of somebody doing something and that somebody one with capable hands for doing it—Uncle Sam. You may have been startled by some of the implications of the plan—removal of tariffs from raw materials as well as war supplies, labor masses moving freely up and down the hemisphere, Washington building "strategic" projects in Canada on the understanding that we could buy them back if we were able after the war.

January's snows are melting as we write but February will bring more, and just as certainly it will bring revision of Washington's "Hemisphere plan" to wipe away some of the smiles from the lips of the zealous brain-trusters. And the revision won't detract anything at all from the basic worth of the plan as an instrument for winning the war. It will merely give it the element of proportion that the original pattern lacked—make it feasible.

As put out last week, the plan was entirely a Washington incubation. It did not derive from any inter-capital negotiations or from any study or discussion by joint coordination committees of the two countries. Ottawa wasn't consulted—was, in fact, as surprised as anybody—although Mr. Howe (himself something of a continentalist) was in Washington shortly before the disclosure and possibly was shown a draft—and just as possibly gave it his characteristically impulsive blessing. And as any returning Ottawa "coordinator" will tell you, Washington has been having brainstormers ever since lease-lend, and since Pearl Harbor has been in an intermittent delirium. The Hemisphere plan, in its original form, is just another brainstorm. It cannot survive the examination of Washington's own realists, to say nothing of Ottawa's.

Principal proposals of the plan were: (1) removal of tariff barriers from civilian as well as war supplies; (2) a common medium of exchange for war trading (to be extended to allies outside the hemisphere) which a lot of people promptly and improperly assumed to mean parity between Canadian and U.S. dollars; (3) free movement of skilled labor through the hemisphere for war purposes; (4) common stockpiles of materials and equipment; (5) U.S. to build strategic projects (highways and the like) wherever needed the country in which these projects were carried out to have the privilege of redeeming them to national ownership within ten years after the war.

A Second Reading

A second reading of the plan should have brought restraint to the "rationalists." Several very large factors intervene to bar its implementation in the original terms. First is the U.S. Congress—together with the interests which dictate to Congress. Suspension of customs duties on war supplies to speed up the output of the continent is one thing, removal of the tariff from civilian supplies quite another. In fact, ever since the Joint Production Committee produced its first rough suggestions for removing restrictions, including customs duties, from the war effort, U.S. interests have been demanding a clear definition of "war supplies." Ottawa took independent action a month before the U.S. entered the war to free Canadian government war purchases in the U.S. from customs duties but Washington has not yet felt free to make any parallel move.

Similarly, any movement of labor from other countries into the U.S. will be strictly limited to meeting well defined war emergencies. Organized labor in the U.S., with its undisputed political power, can be counted on to see to that.

The easiest part of the plan would be establishment of the principle of stockpiles of war materials. Canada has had these for months, especially in materials of which this country is the principal continental source. Ottawa conserves them for the war needs of both countries tells the U.S. to ask for what it wants. Washington hasn't got around to doing the same with U.S. resources. In the case of U.S. steel for Canada, for example, some at least of the Washington authorities see Canadian requirements in the same light as those

of a single U.S. manufacturing unit at Detroit or Toledo rather than as those of a country having its own priorities system covering virtually all branches of war production.

Most interesting part of the plan is that relating to exchange. A common exchange medium for trading purposes is regarded as feasible—but top men of Canada's bulky foreign exchange control organization shake their heads when you ask them if it would wash them and their thousands of subordinates out of jobs. There is no simple formula, they say, for obliterating the differentials in the values of national currencies caused by trade balances, international debt obligations and the like. Even with a fixed trading exchange, Canada would still have to peg the dollar and support the fixed value but the arrangement probably would permit a loosening of restrictions.

Of course all such obstacles to a "continental system" would quickly get the brush-off if the "rationalists"

had the running of matters. They make their influence felt, but are not in control. And then, every so often, when continental economic unity seems to be making progress and there's joy in their hearts, Roosevelt and Churchill get together and make it a family affair between the whole Empire and the U.S., submerging the minor manifestation in the major.

Actually, what Ottawa has been seeking in the way of a coordinated war effort with Washington is collaboration rather than unification—with Great Britain, of course, holding cards. But the United States is so much the dominant partner that if Washington should want it otherwise it will be otherwise. There doesn't, however, seem to be much occasion to worry. What everybody is working for is the shortest and surest way of halting Hitler, and if in the process the "rationalists" have their little hour of joy it does no great harm and is soon over.

Right: British troops have been issued a new rifle and new, shorter, bayonet. At the right is the new rifle and bayonet. The former is officially named the No. 4, has the same mechanism as the present rifle and is easier to manufacture.



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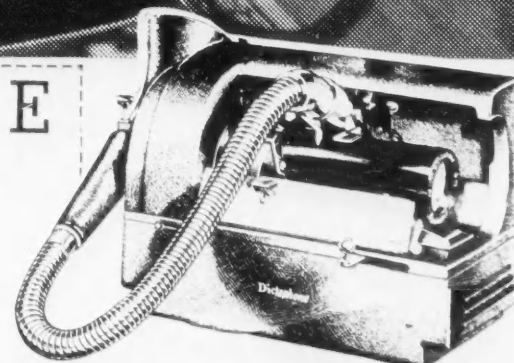
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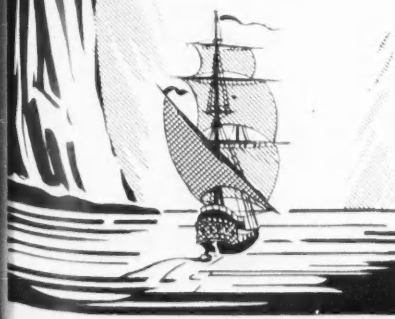
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THE task of those who would like to maintain the largest possible amount of distrust and separation between the English-speaking democracies and the Soviet Republics, both now engaged in the common task of foiling the Nazi attempt to master the world, is made incalculably more difficult by a volume which came from the press in the middle of January. This is "Mission to Moscow" by Joseph E. Davies, U. S. Ambassador to that government from 1936 to 1938, and prior to that time the holder in turn of many important posts in law, politics and international affairs (Mussion, \$4). Mr. Davies, who is clearly revealed by his writings as a man of brilliant ability and singular poise and judgment, formed

during those two crucial years an opinion of the state of Russia, of the ability and stability of its government, of the loyalty and intelligence of its people, which was in sharp contrast to the opinion held by the vast majority of Americans whether inside or outside of the "charmed circles" of power. He was convinced, and set down his conviction in many

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

A Great Man On a Great Nation

BY B. K. SANDWELL

letters and despatches which were written long before 1939, that Russia would give an extremely good account of itself in a struggle with Germany. He knew that a struggle with Germany was coming and was all but inevitable. He deplored in May 1937 the fact that Mr. Churchill was not "more effective" in the government of Great Britain. He understood and justified the successive and tragic "purges" of the Russian high command and civil service which occurred during his stay in the country, realizing what the rest of us only realized in the last six months, that these were the price which had to be paid for Russia's subsequent complete security from fifth column attacks. He examined a large part of the industrial establishment of Russia with the eye of an experienced industrialist who had been chairman of the Federal Trade Commission under President Wilson

and a member of Bernard Baruch's War Industries Board,—and he found it extraordinarily good.

PRACTICALLY everything that Mr. Davies wrote between 1936 and 1939 has been justified by much more recent developments. It is of course possible that he has omitted some views or predictions which have been falsified; but the truth is that what he does set forth is so complete and consistent a picture of European politics and economics that there can have been very little room for anything else that did not harmonize. (He did not predict, and was shocked by, Lindbergh's isolationism, but that is a matter of erroneous judgment of a very baffling character.) In October 1939, at the very height of the general bewilderment over the Berlin-Moscow Pact, he communicated to Secretary Hull a detailed and reasoned view of Soviet policy which (although it amounted to little more than a general acceptance of the Soviet explanations) seems now to have been far nearer the truth than any of the then prevalent theories of Machiavellian plotting or cowardly submission.

On the points of the political strength of the regime, the loyalty of the people, and the efficiency and courage of the Red Army, Mr. Davies was merely setting down four years earlier what most of us only began to accept last year. But on the moral character of the Soviet regime he is setting down what many of us have not yet accepted; and we cannot dismiss his views with contempt when he has been proven so right in the other matters. What these views are can be best indicated by a rather extensive quotation. If Marx, Lenin or Stalin had been firmly grounded

SPRING SONG

IN THE spring, when I was single
My thoughts turned to love and
bonnets.

I scoured all the fashion pages
And I read romantic sonnets.

But now the season has acquired
An entirely new meaning
And with the coming of the crocus
My thoughts turn to spring house-
cleaning!

MAY RICHSTONE.

in the Christian faith, either Catholic or Protestant, says Mr. Davies, and the Communist experiment had been projected upon that basis, "it would probably be declared to be one of the greatest efforts of Christian altruism in history to translate the ideals of brotherhood and charity as preached in the gospel of Christ into a government by men. The point is that the Christian religion could be imposed upon the communistic principle without doing violence to its economic and political purposes, the primary one of which is based upon 'the brotherhood of men.'" On the other hand the Nazi philosophy "makes the state superior to the Christian religion and is in fact a religion in itself. . . . To impose the Christian religion upon Nazism would be impossible. They are utterly antithetical."

IT IS Mr. Davies' very earnest belief that the best safeguard against an excessive "swing to the left" in the postwar period is to be found in a proper understanding of present-day Russia, which has only the faintest resemblance to the egalitarian state as propounded by the wilder sorts of Communist propaganda in Canada and the United States. "The Russia of the Bolshevik Revolution no longer exists." What does exist now is "a system of state socialism operating on capitalistic principles and steadily and irresistibly swinging to the right." The present government professes to be a democracy. (Readers will be surprised at the evidence that really serious attention is paid to election results and to popular opinion.) "It will not sur-

prise me if the experience derived as a result of the Russian revolutionary experiment will act as a brake upon this tendency (towards too rapid a move to the left). This laboratory in Russia must establish in the minds of all honest, intellectual radicals the fact that safe progress comes only through the gradual processes of evolution. Hereditary, nervous and glandular reactions cannot be destroyed in a generation. Remedies too speedily applied frequently induce greater evils than those they are designed to cure."

Mr. Davies is a Congregationalist, of deeply religious New England ancestry. It is very plainly not his conviction that Christianity will ever have to be defended by force of arms against the onslaughts of Soviet Russia as it is now being defended against the onslaughts of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Shinto Japan.



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Remember, in wartime things happen with deadly rapidity. Terrific reverses... or decisive victories... come with startling suddenness. Today it's yours to make the choice. The future depends to a great extent upon the business leaders of Canada.

That is why every individual must throw selfish interests aside. We must accept the fact that every last man in Canada has but one objective before him today—To Win This War.

The comfortable conception of rights and privileges of happier days must be discarded. We must all undertake to do things we conceived almost impossible when financial reports measured the success of a business operation.

BRAVE MEN SHALL NOT DIE BECAUSE I FALTERED

This message is issued by the Department of Munitions and Supply for Canada

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Death Rays Are Here!

BY DYSON CARTER

Well then, the guns pour out super-purple light. This light is really a stream of energy. While it cannot damage you or your surroundings (any more than a golf ball can knock over a house), it acts like a dive bomber on certain atoms (as that same golf ball could knock a cat or dog cold). The Death Ray strikes atoms of oxygen and nitrogen in the air. The atoms explode. Not gently, but the way a munitions dump goes up.

Out of the debris shoots a *photon*. Which is the familiar electron, or tiny atomic particle of electricity, given this special name when it is released by a beam of light.

Dr. Rentschler and his associates proved that photons, produced by Number 2537 rays, take effect like anti-aircraft shells of terrific explosive force. They streak through the air at extreme speed. When one hits a cruising disease germ a fearful ex-

plosion results. The photon seems to score a direct hit on the "bomb racks" of the germ raiders. Anyway, so terrific is the resulting blast that thousands of other germs in the vicinity are blown to bits by the explosion of that first victim.

How is your imagination today? To understand why this Photon Gun is really a Death Ray, we need only a little arithmetic. The average germ shattered by the photons is several hundred thousand million times bigger than the photon itself!

STUDY of these explosions revealed some startling facts about disease. Thus, sick people or carriers breathe and cough out millions of germ raiders. The germs travel in fleets. They can shoot across a room

at a speed of three hundred miles an hour! Some settle down. But most of them cruise in the air for several hours, or until they are breathed into human lungs, or until they settle on eyes, skin, hair, clothing.

What's more important, not only do the respiratory diseases (colds, flu, pneumonia etc.) take to the air, but even measles, mumps, chicken-pox and heaven knows what else. These diseases are transmitted from person to person through the air without direct contact, and may be carried across the street, through buildings, over astonishing distances.

If there is a doctor in the house, and he declares the above statement to be preposterous, we can only refer him to Lt. Col. A. F. Hitchins of the United States Army Medical Corps, to the University of Pennsylvania, and to Westinghouse. The

Death Ray is toppling some of the oldest medical gospels. The list of air borne diseases is reaching alarming proportions.

But in a Philadelphia school, during a bad measles epidemic, only 16 out of 110 susceptible children caught the disease. Because their classroom was protected by batteries of the new anti-germ gun.

There have been many other tests. We can't report them. They are defence secrets. With the Death Ray, soldier's barracks can be kept germ-free while epidemics rage. So can battleships. So can war factories. So can hospitals. Eventually . . . theatres, schools, churches, stations, trains, and even homes.

The lamp guns are mounted in the ventilating system, so that all air circulates through the silent but furious barrage of photon shells. There is no smell or other noticeable effect. The operating cost is extremely small, probably less than that of a hall lamp.

The Death Ray seems to be heading for a place among the immortal medical inventions. Much has yet to be proved in practice. But no disease prevention system has ever promised so simple and so universal an application to modern living conditions.

A FANTASTIC new anti-aircraft gun has passed its field trials. This weapon has been perfected within the last year. It is ready for mass production. In reality it is nothing less than the long-awaited Death Ray.

The new artillery resulted from some commercial research ordered by a wholesale grocery company. The original work was reported to Canadians exactly two years ago, almost to the day, in this department. (S. N., Jan. 27, 1940).

Try to picture a battery of these radical Ack-Ack guns in action. Once the battery has been mounted it is not touched again. Automatic adjustments replace the crews. The sound from the guns is a mere whisper. When the heaviest barrages are being hurled out, all that can be seen is a faint blue flare of light. Big batteries have been mounted on a hospital roof, and even restless patients have slept undisturbed. The enemy cannot determine where the guns are. Death comes to him instantly.

The secret lies in the type of shell fired by the guns. Extremely small, these bits of aerial death are really electrical explosives. Nothing like them has ever been used before. Months of secret testing has proved this performance: without fail the electric shells bring down nine out of every ten raiders!

AND now . . . we hope you won't be furious with disappointment. The Death Ray isn't what we deceived you into believing. It can't defend us against bombing planes.

The air raiders it wipes out are disease germs. But because of its revolutionary action the gun promises to be a war weapon of great importance. For us now, and for the whole world after the Nazis and Fascists have been exterminated, this discovery promises the final defeat of many diseases. How many? No one knows. Medical theories about epidemics are being turned topsy-turvy.

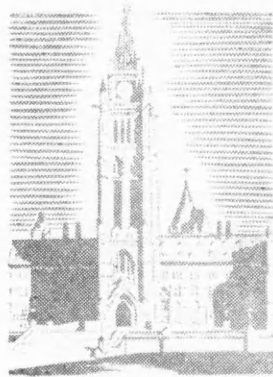
First, here's a one-round history of the invention. The Kroger Food Foundation in 1936 paid the Mellon Institute to go and find out why tough meat gets that way. Three years later the Institute's microscope men came back with a way to make tough meat tender. They hung fresh beef in warm, damp rooms. To keep it from spoiling they kept the air germ-free. With a tubular lamp obligingly developed by Westinghouse engineers. At the time, the experts said vaguely that the lamp "disinfected the air."

This "Sterilamp," as it was christened, was just an economical ultra-violet producer, sturdy enough to be used in meat packing plants. That U.V. light would kill germs had long been known. Such was the official attitude when the Tenderay Beef process was announced. But behind the scenes there was much curiosity. This gave way to excitement. Finally whole corps of atom engineers, bacteriologists, epidemiologists and electron-microscope operators were hastily assembled and taken on a forced march into the problem.

What problem? Didn't the Sterilamp keep packing-house air free of germs? Indeed it did. *How did it do something no disinfectant ever had been able to do?*

When the engineers answered, the germ and plague experts just smiled politely and stood around waiting for a better guess.

DR. HARVEY RENTSCHLER, research Chief of Staff at the Westinghouse Lamp Division, has told the American Association for the Advancement of Science the astonishing truth about the disease gun that works like a death ray. Picture an ordinary fluorescent light tube, such as you see in almost every restaurant and drug store. The Death Ray tube looks like that. But instead of a bright light, it sheds a weak blue haze. That's all the human eye can see. Actually the gun pours out a powerful beam of invisible rays. A color we cannot see because it is darker than the darkest violet . . . ultra-violet. Like the sun-lamps that give people a tan in winter time? Not quite. The wavelength of the beam sent out by the Death Ray is at Number 2537 on the scientist's light dial. Ultra-violet good for humans is up in the higher numbers.



AS I SEE IT...

BY The Honourable T. A. Crerar

MINISTER OF MINES AND RESOURCES

As I see it, many Canadians are only now beginning to understand this war. For almost two years the speeches of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. King have been heard in hundreds of thousands of Canadian homes. They have been published in the newspapers. We have read of the cruelties of the Nazis, the poltroonery of Mussolini, the savage rape of China by Japan . . . but somehow we still felt pretty comfortable. It was all so far away from us . . .

How did this terrible calamity fall upon the world? Through the fierce, ruthless and uncontrolled ambition of a few men who planned to make force the ruling power in the world, and the easy-going, comfortable ways of the freedom-loving people who were blind to the menace which threatened their destruction.

How did Hitler reach his victories? Not because the German soldier is better than those opposed to him, but because by careful planning and by hardships and self-denials imposed by force upon his people, Hitler won a long start in the preparation for ruthless war.

But there was one other factor, and when the whole story is written it may well be counted as the most important. It is summed up in the word "propaganda". Perhaps the better word is "Fifth Column work". In the nine years since Hitler came to power he has spent hundreds of millions of dollars to break down the "will to resist" of those people whose countries he desired to control. Germany looked upon France as her most powerful opponent, and Hitler succeeded in creating a disunity in France which, when the test came, brought swift and complete collapse. To the same end, Hitler's agents worked successfully in Denmark, Holland and Norway and wrought disruption in Belgium. They penetrated every country in South America. They worked in the United States. They reached to far away Japan and found there a willing co-worker.

What is the lesson of all this? It is that the first need of our own, or of any, country which truly seeks to destroy those evils which in turn seek to destroy them is a united WILL TO VICTORY. To that end

We must endure, and we must work, and we must give.

We must discipline ourselves to travel the hard road which lies ahead.

We must keep steady and not lose our heads. If the firemen dispute and quarrel, the building burns down.

We must keep a sense of proportion. We are only one of more than a score of countries engaged in the great task.

We must maintain our Navy and our Army and our Air force.

We must produce the foodstuffs and the metals and the timber, the tanks and the planes and the ships and the guns — and we must let nothing of whatever sort stand in the way of doing this to the utmost limit of our abilities.

We must have vision and understanding, vision to see the real meaning and purpose of this war and understanding to submerge differences and put our last ounce of effort into it.

As I see it

No easy hope

Shall bring us to our goal,

But iron sacrifice

Of body, will and soul.

MINISTER OF MINES AND RESOURCES

★ This article is the second of a series, by Canadian legislators, on matters of vital World and National interest. This series will be published in newspapers across Canada, the next to appear on February 7th, followed by others on alternate weeks thereafter.

This space is donated to Canada's United War Effort by the Hull Steel Foundries Limited

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THE HITLER WAR

Hitler Opens His Mediterranean Offensive

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

I HAD in mind as I sat down that I would have to write about three subjects today: the Japanese advance in the Far East, the German retreat in Russia, and Rommel's counter-offensive in Libya. Three subjects, yes; but all parts of the same war. I don't mean by this that Hitler is really supreme commander in the Far East as well as in Europe. I have seen it suggested that the Japanese blitz was planned and is being directed by Germans, but personally, I doubt very much that the Japs took Hitler completely into their confidence as to the time and place. What! After he had first made a deal with Russia and then attacked her, without in either case consulting Japan on a matter of such vital interest?

The evidence is, rather, that Hitler tried all summer and fall to persuade the Japs to join him in finishing off Russia first, rather than taking on the United States and Britain. Nor is it to be overlooked that the rich territories for which the Japs are reaching out in Malaya and the Indies must be regarded by Hitler as the rightful spoils of his efforts and his conquests.

He would have known, of course, from his intelligence reports of Jap troop and ship dispositions, and may have been told in a general way, that the blow was going to come in

the south against Britain's position in Malaya and Burma. But I don't think he knew the date of attack, for it was only the day after the Japs struck that Hitler gave two far-reaching orders, which looked very much like a sudden change in direction of the Nazi war machine.

On December 8 he ordered the offensive in Russia halted (although it is true that the Russian counter-offensive had begun six days earlier and become general by December 6); and he ordered Rommel to break off battle in the Tobruk area and retire, as it now appears, *pour mieux sauter*, in order to reorganize and advance again, when we had stretched our line of communications far across Cyrenaica.

A Winter Offensive

There are indications, certainly, that Hitler had laid general plans for a winter offensive in the Mediterranean long before. He had built up a base and a skeleton organization for an offensive, on the Bulgaro-Turkish frontier. He had maintained and strengthened Rommel all summer and fall at heavy cost, while the Russian theatre was calling for all his available armored and aerial equip-

ment and troop reinforcements. Had he been through with the threat to the western side of Suez he would have withdrawn the Afrika Korps instead. He had begun sending U-boats into the Mediterranean by early November, sinking the *Atlantique* in mid-month.

But when Japan began an action, not against Russia, but against the eastern outposts of India, it was obvious that Hitler's best strategic move became an attack on the western outposts of India, that is, against the defences of Suez and through the Middle East towards the Persian Gulf. Here he had the chance of achieving a far-reaching success, the shaking of Britain's whole position in the Mediterranean and Indian Oceans, with a much smaller concentration of force than he had found he needed for decisive victory in Russia.

It seems quite possible that this decision of Hitler's was the one which brought the differences between him and the army chiefs to a head, for it was Brauchitsch's non-appearance at the meeting of the Triple Alliance in Berlin on December 15 which gave the first hint of his eclipse. That excellent New York Times correspondent in Stockholm, Bernard Valery, wrote after Brauchitsch's dismissal that the general had been against the second Moscow offensive, had insisted that the Soviets' counter-offensive strength was such that it demanded that Germany's main forces be kept between them and the Fatherland, and on this account opposed any new, far-reaching schemes.

Hitler won, as we know (declaring in his Christmas woollen-collection message that "the Fatherland is in no danger"), and from Rommel's counter-attack, the diversion of U-boats to the Mediterranean, the concentration of German air power in Southern Italy, Libya and Greece, and the running of large convoys across to Tripoli, it looks as though his Mediterranean drive were on.

Worse Now For Hitler

If so, and if we are once again to lose Cyrenaica after we had just captured it, we can at least thank our stars that we drove Rommel back to El Agheila when we did. For it has been proven fairly conclusively that the run from El Agheila to Tobruk is the utter limit of a single offensive, straining men and equipment to exhaustion. Still more, we may reflect on how much worse are the circumstances under which Hitler undertakes his drive into the Middle East than he intended.

I think that when he began his gigantic offensive against Moscow on October 2 he planned to stabilize his line across Central Russia after he had deprived the Russians of their greatest industrial regions and the centre of their communications, and established his troops in winter quarters in the capital and string of other cities reaching down to Rostov. Then he would shift his winter operations sharply southwards, with an advance by Rommel against Alexandria, and a double envelopment of the Black Sea, through the Caucasus and Turkey.

It is against the background of this grand plan which has gone wrong that we must view the reversal of the tide in Libya. It would be idle to deny that Rommel's sudden backfiring and the prospect of our conquest of Cyrenaica being swept away in exactly the same way as it was last year, has spread a good deal of consternation. The general idea was that the Axis army had been soundly, if not completely, beaten, and our forces were merely resting, refitting and bringing up supplies preparatory to having it out to a finish or chasing the enemy all the way to Tripoli.

Since the outbreak of the Pacific War, however, and the development of a critical situation in Burma, Malaya, the Netherlands Indies and Aus-

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THIS ANNUAL STATEMENT

records the results of millions of transactions, great and small, which facilitate the business of the nation—the carrying-on of the national livelihood. It includes, too, wartime services, of which the following are just a few:

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- Handling payrolls for war industries.
- Disbursing cash payments to men in the Active Services—and their dependents.
- Acting as agents for transactions between the public and the Foreign Exchange Control Board.
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You will obtain friendly, helpful service at the branch nearest to you. Make use of this service.

110th ANNUAL STATEMENT

CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1941

ASSETS	
Cash on hand and in Bank of Canada	\$ 35,784,427.79
Notes of and cheques on other Banks	22,547,191.82
Due from other Banks	22,110,874.56
Government and other public securities, not exceeding market value	122,391,967.92
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	9,724,247.20
Call loans (secured)	3,970,255.80
Total quick assets	216,528,965.09
Other loans and discounts (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	123,694,054.34
Liabilities of customers under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per contract)	31,482,114.04
Bank Premises	5,872,854.01
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies	2,200,000.00
Other assets	615,295.37
	\$380,393,282.85
LIABILITIES	
Notes in Circulation	\$ 6,188,967.58
Deposits (other than Banks)	297,571,331.83
Deposits from other Banks	6,306,647.64
Acceptances and Letters of Credit outstanding (as per contract)	31,482,114.04
Other Liabilities	1,214,593.40
Dividends payable	363,135.12
Total liabilities to the public	343,126,789.61
Capital	12,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	24,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,266,493.24
	\$380,393,282.85

J. A. McLEOD, President

H. D. BURNS, General Manager

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DRINK YEAST

FOR MORE B-COMPLEX VITAMINS

HERE'S HOW:

1 MASH it — drop a cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast in a dry glass. Mash with fork.



2 STIR it — add a little cool tomato juice (or milk or water if you like). Stir well. Fill glass, stir again.



3 DRINK it — It's a delicious, easy way, to get plenty of B-Complex Vitamins. This fresh yeast, you know, is an excellent natural source of this very important vitamin group.

Feel Tired and "Down"?

You may need more B Vitamins. Try 2 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day. Drink it—the new delicious way in tomato juice. See if you don't soon feel up and at 'em again. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast... the yeast cake with the familiar yellow label, today!

AND DON'T FORGET — If you bake at home, this same Fleischmann's fresh Yeast has been Canada's favorite for 4 generations.

Help Canada's War Effort — Salvage all Tinfoil Wrappers

Escape Winter!

COME TO THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Leafless trees, of course; but they let the Pacific sun through to the green earth and bring the spring flowers forth in mid-winter. This month and next are ones which people on the Pacific Coast write other folk about!

British Columbia
★ THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING! ★

WRITE TO THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
DEPT. OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY, VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA

GOLD AND DROSS

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

British Columbia A.R.P. Farce

BY P. W. LUCE

Experience, and apparently nothing else, teaches.

Although a Japanese bombing of the west coast is more than likely, A.R.P. there is a muddle of inadequate equipment, lack of public interest and lack of information.

Schoolchildren, however, are training for the task.

WHEN the Japanese decide the time is right for sending a squadron of bombing planes to drop incendiaries over Victoria and Vancouver, these cities will have about an hour's warning, perhaps less.

In that sixty minutes' grace before death and disaster rains from the skies, the citizens will be expected to recruit, assemble, equip, and train 20,000 auxiliary firemen, A.R.P. workers, stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, first-aid men and women, and a very considerable evacuation personnel.

In that fateful hour the authorities should raise at least a quarter of a million dollars to buy fire-fighting equipment and other material necessities, bring this out from eastern Canada, distribute it in localities yet to be selected, and perfect an organization to deal with the emergency.

Once these details have been disposed of, Victoria and Vancouver will be ready to face the horrors of their first taste of war. Of course an hour isn't very long in which to do all this, but it looks very much as if that's all the time there'll be, at the present rate of progress — if one can call it that.

Unbelievable Muddle

The sad truth is that air raid precautions on the Pacific Coast are in an unbelievable muddle. Some public men have even applied the term "criminal" to existing conditions. Private individuals have used stronger language which would blister these pages if set out in print.

Confusion exists because there is no exact definition of responsibility. The municipalities are presumed to be in charge of organization work and recruiting of personnel. The province is expected to supervise technical needs and integration. Ottawa has the final say in most matters, and, unfortunately, isn't saying it.

All three groups have to dip into their own funds to get and keep things going. As with all other affairs where there is financial overlapping, there is considerable difference of opinion as to who should pay for what, with the result that the necessary money isn't forthcoming when it is most needed.

The Federal government, which was marked down tentatively as good for \$100,000, sent along a cheque for \$15,000 as its A.R.P. grant for British Columbia. Blushing apologists in the Liberal party, from Premier John Hart down, have tried to explain that this must be regarded merely as a first instalment, but there is no confirmation to that effect from Ottawa. There is widespread suspicion on the coast that the easterners, snugly remote from all possible danger of Japanese bombs, are still convinced that "it can't happen here." The residents of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo, and Prince Rupert, think otherwise, but fervently hope they're mistaken. All the same, they'd like to be prepared. They're not.

According to R. F. V. Smyly, chief assistant A.R.P. warden in Vancouver, that city needs a man-strength of 20,000 workers to cope with the emergencies that will arise if the Japanese make a hit-and-run raid on this sprawling city. The number of A.R.P. volunteers is growing, but is still many thousands shy of requirements. Many of the workers have become discouraged and quit, though no doubt they would be on hand in the hour of need. In a large number of cases, training is inadequate.

Half Enough Stretchers

As for equipment, there is an appalling shortage. Because of the hazardous nature of his job, every A.R.P. warden needs the protection of a steel helmet. That means 20,000 are required in Vancouver alone; there are 1500 available. There are only 1500 overalls, and rubber boots are limited to 75 pairs.

Not quite half the required number of stretchers are available, and 136 more ambulances must be found to carry the injured to hospitals if the raids are really severe. There are almost enough ground sheets

and blankets, half as many first-aid kits as can be used, and enough gas masks to protect a trifle over one per cent of the population.

Blankets and first-aid equipment may be drawn from Red Cross Stores in an emergency. Other essentials are to be furnished by the Dominion government, eventually.

In Great Britain it is considered that one stirrup pump to every two houses is adequate protection. In British Columbia, where houses are built of more inflammable materials than in the old country, one stirrup pump per house is the safety requirement. These pumps deal with either bombs or fires, and are a cheap investment. One hundred thousand wouldn't be too many to have on hand, but so far as is known there isn't a single one in the province. An order has been placed in the east for a supply, and when that order is filled there will be exactly ten stirrup pumps in B.C.

Secret Siren

Vancouver has had an air raid siren, but this was installed merely for a test and then taken down the next day. Few of the A.R.P. men knew the test was being made, the arrangements for this being a fine example of official secrecy. The 5-horse-power siren proved it wasn't good enough, to nobody's surprise. Men who should know say the city should have a number of sirens at strategic points, and that a tie-up with public address systems could have these in use in forty-eight hours. In Seattle, a city not so very much bigger than Vancouver, there is one central 12-horse-power siren, with thirty smaller sirens at distant points.

Even when a volunteer worker is issued equipment, his troubles are not over. Herbert Gargrave, a member of the legislature for Mackenzie, joined the auxiliary firemen, though he hardly has the physique to qualify for a regular job, being, like Zacchaeus, of little stature.

Mr. Gargrave was given overalls designed for a man six feet six, and boots size twelve in which, he says, he could turn his feet around and walk backwards.

Whether this sartorial indignity had anything to do with it or not is uncertain, but Mr. Gargrave (who is naturally against the government, being provincial secretary of the C.C.F.) loosed a terrific blast in the legislature over A.R.P. shortcomings, says no one except possibly Premier Hart, Major Moodie, and a few other complacent officials, was at all satisfied with conditions. He particularly deplored the lack of co-ordination and co-operation between the Federal, Provincial, and municipal bodies.

Two hundred fires could be started by one ton of incendiary bombs, even if these were only twenty per cent effective, declared the C.C.F. member in pointing out that the most important branch of the A.R.P., the auxiliary fire service, was struggling along with a grant of \$300 when its basic needs had been set at \$80,000. As a glaring example of muddleheadedness Mr. Gargrave mentioned that when the Vancouver fire chief asked Ottawa for 10,000 feet of 3½ inch hose for relaying water, the Hon. Ian Mackenzie's department sent him 10,000 feet of 1½ inch hose instead, with a statement that the eastern experts considered this adequate. With true C.C.F. ingenuity, Mr. Gargrave suspects that some contractor with an over-supply of small hose

has got the ear of the men who decide such matters.

Mr. Gargrave wants a provincial wide fire-fighting and police auxiliary service with uniform methods of training; competent men in charge of the various divisions of the service; civilian committees in all areas; a special legislative committee with power to act; definite division of authority and jurisdiction, and, most important of all, adequate funds to carry on in an efficient manner.

Howard Green, M.P. for Vancouver South, told the Board of Trade that "thousands of citizens are anxious and striving to do their best, but are floundering around helplessly for lack of leadership."

Dr. R. J. Manion, national director of civilian defense, has been spending some time at the coast conferring with Lt. Col. E. H. Minns, regional representative of the Federal government on A.R.P. matters. He is inclined to think there will soon be some improvement in conditions, but is not definite as to how or when.

Public Apathy

Meanwhile the public remains rather apathetic. The Junior Board of Trade, usually very much to the fore in public services, has been castigated editorially by its official organ because so few of its members have joined the A.R.P.

There is one enthusiastic exception. Some of the city schools are organizing district patrols and staging fire drills that meet with the wholehearted approval of the boys. In Kitsilano 200 lads will go on duty, one or two to each block, there to do fire spotting and messenger service. Their sisters will most likely go in for first-aid work under the direction of qualified teachers.

It's going to be lots of fun.

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BUS-SICK?

MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF

Mothersill's

SEASICK REMEDY

THIS WEEK IN RADIO

I Never Did Meet Eugene Goossens

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

"How many copies of each?" "Go and ask the general manager."

So we go over to the curiously shy Gladstone Murray and ask him. "Five thousand of each issue," he replies. "There ought to be half a million of each, but we haven't the money."

I spend a few minutes trying to persuade Mr. Lambert to write one about what the CBC is, or isn't, doing to keep Canadians smiling. . . just sheer entertainment. . . but he says that isn't in the plans.

OVER in a corner sits Gill Purcell, former news head of the Canadian Press, and more recently chief press officer for the Canadian Army overseas. He left one of his legs in England, as the result of an accident. But he is not downcast.

"All I want to do is to get back to work," he says. We tell him what a good broadcast he had made in the "We have been there" series. What frightens him is that he may be asked to go across Canada and give the same address to large groups.

Strangely enough, despite weekly broadcasts by the CBC on "With the Canadian troops in England," Purcell's broadcast was the first to describe graphically just what our boys are doing overseas.

Then we meet Ernest Bushnell, chief supervisor of programs for the CBC, and he is enthusiastic about "Newbridge," the new CBC feature heard nightly, and featuring Tommy Tweed.

"Give it four months," he says. "If it doesn't register by then, we'll say we've made a mistake. But I've a hunch this program will do a job."

What an enthusiastic broadcasting man this Bushnell is. He takes his job seriously. He believes that radio is the most vital factor in Canadian life today. The CBC made no mistake when they gave him heavy responsibilities.

"I've got a bone to pick with you," says Frances James, the singer, looking very belligerent. We smile at her blandly, and wonder what it's all about. Then she says: "Do you know that Bill Morton and I were on the air for 14 weeks in 'Heritage of Song,' and you didn't say a single word about it in SATURDAY NIGHT. We weren't looking for praise. But to keep silent for 14 weeks! Not a peep out of you. Was it really that bad?" Can we help it if she and Bill Morton go on the air just at the time on Sundays when we go around to the drug store to buy the Sunday New York Times. "You don't expect me to sit all day, and night, every day of the week listening to radio programs, do you, honestly?" we plead.

And after that Frances brings into the conversation a group of Montreal artists who have come to Toronto for the first of the British Ballad Operas, and from then on the argument turns to the question of why Montreal has so many very fine singers broadcasting.

There were many other people at the tea party. . . Steve Brodey, who teaches announcers how to enunciate properly; J. Campbell McInnes who ought to be on the air much more often than he is; E. J. Pratt, the poet, who ought to have a "Poet's corner" on the radio every week; Jack Radford, stations relations man for the CBC; and dozens of others.

I never did meet Eugene Goossens.

IN CASE you've been wondering why all this attention to South American music and habits and culture on the air these days, you'd better be told right now that it's all a carefully planned program, headed by Nelson Rockefeller, with all sorts of money behind it, for the express purpose of counteracting the Nazi propaganda that has been wooing South Americans away from the United States and Britain for many years.

To begin to tell here what plans Nelson Rockefeller has for his tremendous job would take too much space. You'll get some idea when you learn that American baseball teams have been touring the South American countries; Doug Fairbanks Jr. was sent through South America as a goodwill ambassador; South American music is played on a thousand United States radio programs; photographs are exchanged by the thousands; news syndicates are feeding news to South American papers.

All this leads up to an item about a new series of 20 radio programs for Latin America by the CBS. The broadcasts are to be heard daily, except Sunday. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Nelson Rockefeller opened the series. Terig Tucci, CBS Latin-America network music director, supervised the music.

feeding them to more than 100 independently owned, affiliated stations. The new company is described as "a separate wholly-owned subsidiary of RCA." Another thing somehow related to this whole business is the fact that the Columbia Artists' Service has suddenly been sold to another lecture bureau in New York. While all of this may sound involved and drastic, the changes will not likely affect a single program on the air today.

NOW for chatter: Our spies advise us to recommend "Invitation to Learning," heard every Sunday, 11:30 a.m. to 12, EST, with Bertrand Russell often the guest star. . . NBC has just reported the biggest year in its history. . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has developed into a very competent radio commentator; she is heard Sunday nights. . . how did you like Bing Crosby in "Weekend in Havana," produced by the Silver Theatre? . . . "Caddy on, Canada" has gone off the air, and its chief writer, William Strange, has gone into the Navy as press officer.

BE CAREFUL!

Before You Sign That Lease



IT'S going to be *your home*, so be sure, before you sign your lease, that life in your new home will be pleasant, restful and comfortable.

Make sure, then, that it is in good condition *structurally* (right roof, sound foundation, well fitted windows) . . . and mechanically (plumbing, heating, electrical circuits). Here's one thing in particular that you can depend on as a guide to intelligent renting—the use of rustless copper, brass and bronze.

In a "pre-war" house, look especially for copper or brass water piping, sheet copper for roof flashing, eavestroughs and downspouts, bronze screens, metal weatherstrip and a hot water storage tank of non-rust Everdur Metal.

In *new* houses you may not find all of these. For today huge tonnages of copper and its alloys are needed for defense production. But in a *new* house, you needn't worry so much about immediate deterioration of metals less durable than copper and brass.

For the future though, remember this: the house built with copper, brass and bronze will always cost less to live in—will always contribute more to the convenience and comfort of yourself and your family. Yes, remember it well . . . for these durable, rustless metals will always symbolize the well-built home.

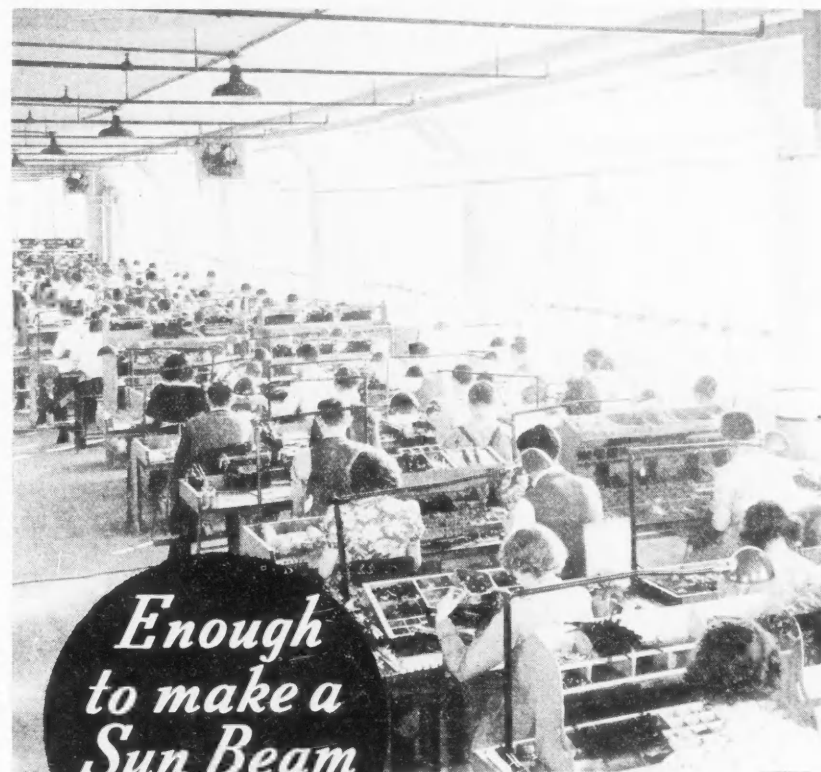
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A Boarding School in the Country for Boys.—
VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS — Please write to
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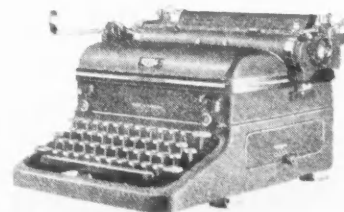
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They Can't Beat the Dutch!

BY GRETA DE GORTER

Greta De Gorter was born in Holland and is the wife of a business man in Batavia. Novelist, translator and journalist, she came to Canada a few months ago on a business trip with her husband and is now acting as correspondent in Canada for the principal daily in the Netherlands East Indies, the "De Java-Bode" of Batavia.

Here she sums up the defenses of the Dutch East Indies, judges them to be not the least in importance of the United Nations in the Pacific and concludes with the title of this article "They can't beat the Dutch".

AT FIRST nobody seemed to know where they had come from or who they were. Early reports from the war zone merely said that three mystery planes had swooped down on a Jap warship engaged in shelling the island of Luzon, dropped their eggs on the enemy's decks, then had flown off southward.

It wasn't until they arrived back at their base, 1,500 miles from the scene, that they were identified as Dutch bombers from Java, and that daring long-range action is merely a sample of what the Dutch are prepared to do before this struggle with Japan is over.

Until a few months ago I made my home in Java and watched with interest the preparations being made to withstand a Japanese offensive. Even that short time ago few people in this Western half of the world realized the importance of the Dutch possessions in the Far East. But now that the Japs have struck and all eyes are turned in that direction it can readily be seen that the Netherlands East Indies form a natural barrier between the enemy and Australia and that they are likely, before long, to play an important role in withstanding a final Japanese assault on Singapore.

Some further idea of their importance in the general Allied strategy was gained when it became known that Sir Archibald Wavell, high commander in that theatre of war, had chosen a point in the Dutch East Indies as his base. His vital task is to lead the four great powers that have banded together to defeat the Axis forces in the Pacific—Americans, British, Chinese and Dutch—and although last in alphabetical order the Dutch are by no means least as far as equipment and morale are concerned.

When the mother country was invaded by Hitler's storm troopers and panzer divisions over a year ago it was a bitter blow to her sons and daughters in the East Indies, but it did not find these people who have worked so hard to produce so much of Holland's basic wealth unprepared. The minute Nazi forces crossed the border into Holland one word—a code signal arranged months before—flashed around the world to Batavia, the capital city of the Netherlands East Indies, and so well organized were they that, within six hours, a Nazi plot to imprison the Governor and take possession of the colony had been foiled.

Before they had a chance to carry out their coup Germans and suspected Fifth Columnists were clapped behind bars. No time was wasted sending the men to Colombo, chief internment centre of the Far East, and the women to internment camps. Officials also took possession of all enemy merchant ships lying in their harbors, seizing the vessels and imprisoning their crews before they had a chance to scuttle valuable equipment. The

later action of the government in sending German women and children to Japan was much criticized at the time, but will now be seen as a very wise one indeed, for, in time of war, the fewer aliens you have in your country the better.

Naturally, the collapse of Holland had quite an effect on business in distant Java, but officials acted with the same promptness in this field as they did in seizing aliens and putting them out of the way, so that today almost complete autonomy is enjoyed by the Netherlands East Indies in handling business matters and a great many improvements have resulted.

Developing War Sinews

Import and export firms have since found other outlets in Britain and the United States. The bulk of the output of tin, rubber and oil—all of which are necessities in time of war—has gone to Britain and the United States. There is still much undiscovered natural wealth in Borneo and Sumatra and the other islands of the Dutch group and business men are now making the most of what has been found to date by shipping it to these other countries, receiving in return the equally precious equipment of war.

Those bombers which made a hit and fly attack on that Japanese cruiser are only three of more than 2,000 planes which have been imported from Britain and the United States during the past few years, making the Netherlands East Indies Air Force one of the largest—not the largest—in that part of the world.

The Navy, strengthened by the arrival of some of the warships which managed to escape from Holland, is also an important arm in the Netherlands East Indies war machine. At the moment its strength numbers 33 cruisers, 11 destroyers, 4 torpedo

boats and 18 submarines. This is being bolstered regularly by small ships similar in design to the famous Canadian corvettes and MTB's or mosquito boats. Dutch submarines have already played a major part in undersea attacks on Japanese troop ships and the entire Navy, under the capable direction of young Admiral Helfferich, will continue to maintain the tradition established by Admiral Tromp back in the days when Holland was the greatest sea power in the world.

Naval bases are maintained at Amboina, an island which guards the narrow channel through which Jap forces must approach north-western Australia, and at Sourabaya, on the island of Java, where a shipyard capable of turning out vessels up to 6,000 tons has been working night and day constructing replacements.

Dutch East Indian workmen have also been busy, ever since the Nazis made their first move over two years ago, strengthening coast defenses, and the rapidly growing army enjoys the use of the same modern equipment as the other branches. For over half a year conscription has been in force, Dutch and British residents now rise even earlier than the dawn, to report for drill, and white women, accustomed to doing very little in a climate as enervating as that of the Dutch East Indies, are busy in the various auxiliary services.

At present, the Dutch East Indies army numbers 200,000 but a plan is now being worked out which means that by the end of this year its man power will reach 600,000, two thirds of the total strength being drawn from Java and the rest from other islands like Sumatra and Borneo.

Preparing for war in that Far Eastern part of the world presents problems unknown to Europe or America. An air raid, for instance, will prove far more disastrous than in New York or London, as far as the toll of lives is concerned, because of the large native population. It totals nearly seventy millions—which is 10 millions less than that of Japan—and most of them have only the faintest notion what an attack from the skies can mean.

Native Quarters Vulnerable

Having tasted the air blitz in London and returned to Java on a ship whose decks were machine-gunned and bombed, I could not help feeling that there was something quite pathetic in the sight of the first bombproof shelters built by the Malays out in Java, for they were made of earth and bamboo and wouldn't have resisted the heavy steel cases filled with high explosives dropped by modern raiders.

Incendiary bombs could work particular havoc in the native kampungs or quarters in Javanese cities, for there the houses are built entirely of thatch and bamboo, but since a fire broke out in one of these kampungs during the first test black-out special precautions have been taken to fight such blazes when raids occur.

Poison gas is also likely to cause far greater loss of life in that tropical climate than it would in other parts of the world, due to the fact that the dampness will not permit the fumes to rise but keep them close to the ground, where they will claim far more humans and animals. Guarding against this calls for special adjustments in gas masks and chemists are now busy in laboratories in Batavia, making these adjustments and studying every means of combatting the chemical menace.

Other experts are equally busy in shops and factories where shells, uniforms and weapons are being made. The Malay, whose religion teaches that if he dies in battle he returns to occupy a much higher station and therefore makes him a fit match for the fatalistic Japanese, is proving equally valuable at the lathes and the sewing machines which are producing special equipment needed to fight a war in the jungles and the mountains which make up most of the Dutch East Indies.



Reinforcements for Singapore which is important in the defence of the Dutch East Indies. Here are detachments from the Royal Air Force, Royal Corps of Signals, Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. Early last week the Australians went into action in the Malay Peninsula and inflicted local defeats on the Japanese, but as the week ended, the invader's armies were pressing slowly forward, threatening the great naval base.

Tanks used for fighting in the black muck of rice fields must be practically amphibian to be of any use. Artillery has to have special pontoons for transport from one place to another and to keep it from sinking while firing and the jungle battle dress of the individual soldier is quite different from that worn in France or on the North Atlantic. Just as these stress woollen scarves and great coats and warmth it stresses light khaki shorts, sun helmets and coolness and it must be designed to combat legions bred by a sinister Nature which are just as deadly in their way as the Japanese.

Soldiers serving in Java and other parts of the Far East wear high rubber boots, not only to keep their feet dry when wading up some dark jungle stream, but to protect them against the poisonous snakes which make their headquarters in those dark waters and the leeches in the jungle. They must not only carry gas masks but wear mosquito veils, to guard against attacks made by tiny dive bombers serving in an insect air force which can be as fatal, in its way, as the mechanical type humans have recently developed.

Jungle hygiene also dictates that a soldier must always be careful where he sits down, because the long grass and the damp ground harbor many a dangerous foe. Water must always be boiled before drinking and one must be constantly on the lookout for scourges like ring worm, scurvy and bush yaw. Even tiny sand fleas and jiggers—which bore into the flesh and lay eggs there—can do much to ruin an armed force's morale.

Protection Against Sun

Then there is the vital matter of headgear. Back home in Holland, or England men can walk about without a hat and feel no harm but in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies they must wear cork helmets to protect them against the ultra violet rays of the tropical sun, particularly when they are living at a high altitude. They must also wear a strip of lint, sometimes called Turkish Red, from the base of the skull to the seat of their pants, to protect the highly susceptible backbone against these same ultra-violet rays.

Much of this, of course, has been standard practice for years in that part of the world where just living takes twice as much out of a man as it does in more temperate climates, but now that a war is going on and men must fight it has become far more important.

The necessity for doing things quickly has also become an important factor throughout the Dutch East Indies during the past two years. Once upon a time people thought of Java as a sleepy little island lying at the outstretched feet of Mother Asia, a part of the world

which produced the richest spices, the brightest colors and the most picturesque people.

But there was nothing sleepy about the way Governor Tjaarda van Starkenborgh and his aides mopped up the Germans and Fifth Columnists upon receiving word that the Nazis had invaded Holland and they have not closed an eye ever since.

For many years the capital city, Batavia, which is about the size of Toronto, has been a strange conglomeration of the ancient and the modern but within the past twelve months the modern has been quickly overcoming the ancient. Modern air raid alarms, operated by electricity, work in conjunction with native signal drums, which are still used to sound alarms in kampungs where the inhabitants would not understand the meaning of a siren or whistle. Modern factories now stand where there used to be nothing but ancient mills, turning out munitions and planes instead of sugar and rice.

Modern Improvements

On modern highways connecting Batavia and Sourabaya modern air conditioned trains and motor cars have replaced the carriage, the rickshaw and the ox cart of ancient times. The office of Lieutenant Governor, which hasn't functioned for a hundred and fifty years, was recently filled by capable Dr. Van Moik, noted for his dealing with the Japs during last year's conferences, and "De Harmonie," a social club in Batavia, which is supposed to remain open as long as there is a member on the premises, closed its doors for the first time in 150 years during a recent black-out drill.

The same limitations have been placed on those who enjoy a round of golf. The courses, of which there are quite a few, are now marked here and there by great mounds of earth meant to upset enemy planes should they try to make a landing. There are also a number of bamboo poles sticking up all over the fairways.

They are put there for the same purpose as the mounds and prove quite a nuisance when your ball hits them and bounces into the rough. But they are nothing like the nuisance members of the Japanese delegation were, when they came to Java to discuss peace.

Once, I was playing around with a friend and we got behind four of them. They played a very slow, aggravating sort of game. They would not let us pass and were continually holding us up. Finally, I could stand it no longer. I drove my ball and hit one of the Japanese on the leg. He was the leader of that two-faced gang—they came to talk peace when they knew their country was getting ready to make immediate war—so I cannot help wishing that my ball had hit his head and that I had driven it harder. Much harder.



Oil fields at Yenanyoung in Burma, which are second in importance only to the great supply route, the Burma Road, in Japanese military plans. Early this week the Royal Air Force, based in Burma, raided the Japanese-held city of Bangkok, concentrating on the docks and commercial areas. "The raid was successful. All our aircraft except one returned. Large fires were started and were seen seventy miles away."

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THE BOOKSHELF

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About the Island Continent

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA, by C. Hartley Grattan. Longmans Green. \$4.00.

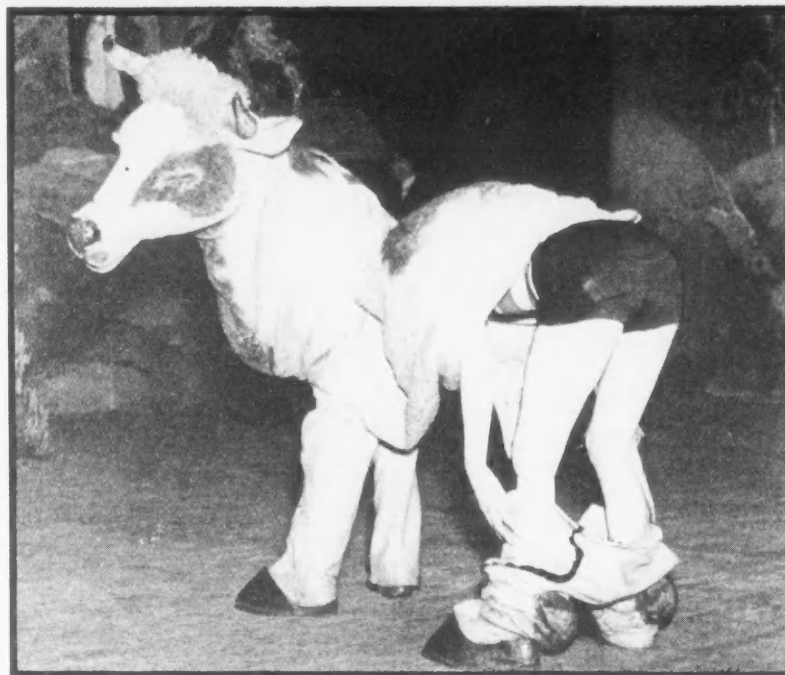
FEW of us in Canada have any knowledge of our sister dominion of Australia. In extreme childhood we may have acquired some unscientific information to the effect that Australians, being 'down under,' walked on their heads, and that the Commonwealth might be reached by digging a deep hole in the back yard. Later, in school, we learned that Australia is the smallest of the continents, raises many sheep, and abounds in the kangaroo and the duck-billed platypus. Its aboriginals, we were given to understand, were a no-account lot and when the early settlers slaughtered them it was no more than they deserved. We also received an impression (apparently out of the air, for no one ever said so explicitly) that Australia was settled by convicts and that this was probably the reason why so many Australians had big blue chins, like burglars in the funnies. This knowledge must now be recognized as inadequate, and the gaps filled in. Mr. Grattan fills them in admirably.

His book is extremely well planned, and it is clear that he has revised and compressed his matter like a good craftsman. His 323 pages are full of distilled information, presented in a pleasant style, with no suggestion of uncomfortable cramming. Every phase of Australian life is dealt with and, although his book is certain to arouse controversy in some quarters, it fulfills the promise of its title and introduces Australia thoroughly and well.

The Canadian reader will be struck by the many opinions which the author expresses about Australia which might equally well be applied to Canada. There is the same tug-of-war between the federal government and the states' governments, the same concentration of population and wealth in one or two big cities, the same struggle on the part of agriculturists to gain adequate recognition, the same nervous instability among the people, the same export of talent to other countries, and the same conservatism and lack of sinew in arts and letters. The men of business, rather than the country as a whole, have the loudest voice in national affairs, education is worthy

but dull, and the country has been bitterly condemned by some of its citizens as 'a paradise for the mediocre.' This is on the debit side, as it is in Canada. But although they suffer in common the disabilities of young countries founded in the nineteenth century, Australia and Canada are very different in their virtues, and Australia's virtues, as described by Mr. Grattan, are very attractive indeed. I shall not outline them to you as I feel that you ought to read the book and discover them for yourself.

Hartley Grattan is not one of those fraudulent authors who writes about a country to which he has paid one brief visit. He has been in Australia for considerable periods over several years. He is the outsider who sees most, and his fairness, both in praise and in blame, has won him the respect and liking of the Australian people. This is a book which all Canadians who are really interested in the British Commonwealth of Nations ought to read, for it is so good a book that, although its subject is Australia, it has much to say that is pertinent to our own land.



Comical cows like the one seen above are popular figures in English pantomimes. This one appears to have met with an embarrassing mishap.

New Reference Works

CHAMBERS'S TECHNICAL DICTIONARY. Macmillans. \$5.00.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Thos. Allen. \$3.50.

THE practical value of the new *Technical Dictionary* can hardly be overestimated. It includes terms used in pure and applied science, in medicine (including psychology and psycho-analysis, both of which have large and arcane vocabularies of their own), in manufacturing, engineering, building and the mechanical trades, and indeed, in almost any branch of technical knowledge which can be thought of. It has been compiled by C. F. Tweney and L. E. C. Hughes, both of whom are well qualified for such work, and they have been aided by an impressive group of contributors. Their object, as stated in the Preface, has been to produce a work "written by specialists, partly for other specialists, but more par-

ticularly for the technically minded man-in-the-street, and for students and interested workers of all kinds and ages; indeed, for all who wish to understand what scientists and engineers have to say to each other." In this they have amply succeeded. The book will be of lasting value, it is excellently and durably produced, and it is cheap at the price. What more can one ask of a dictionary?

THE new Webster *Collegiate Dictionary* has been produced particularly for the use of high school students, and it seems admirably suited to its purpose. Personally, the reviewer favors the *Concise Oxford* for school use, but it cannot be denied that the Webster volume has a very strong claim upon the attention of high school students. It is an equally zealous guardian of the purity of our tongue, though it compromises unwillingly with improper usages of words, which the *Oxford* dismisses as

'vulgar'; a comparison of the definitions of the verb 'transpire' in both volumes will make this clear. Like all school dictionaries it ignores the existence of many words in daily use which are undoubtedly good old English and which every school child knows; lexicographical prudery is always entertaining. The volume contains the illustrations which are a Webster stamp, and also the miscellaneous information, the biographical dictionary, and the pronouncing gazetteer which appear in all these books and which are very handy. There are eight excellent pages of new words, and the Guide To Pronunciation in the Introduction should be invaluable to Canadian teachers and pupils, for it is a guide to good English speech, rather than to American or English peculiarities. Educators will find this book satisfactory either as a sole authority, or as a supplement to another large dictionary.

Humanist Approach to Euripides

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE DRAMA OF EURIPIDES, by G. M. A. Grube. Methuen, London. 22s. 6d.

TORONTO University possesses two of the half-dozen most important living authorities upon Euripides, a dramatist who is of prime interest just now because he was himself the product, and the very conscious product, of an era of inter-recipe warfare between the greatest and most civilized states of the small world of 24 hundred years ago. Gilbert Norwood, a not infrequent contributor to these columns, is the author of one of the leading recent works on Greek Tragedy and of critical works on several of the Euripidean dramas. G. M. A. Grube, elected a few weeks ago to the Toronto Board of Education, is the author of a new volume which becomes an indispensable part of the literature on this great writer. This is carried on the tradition of Toronto University's interest in the humanistic (not so much the textual or antiquarian) aspects of Greek tragedy which was founded over half a century ago by Maurice Hutton, who died only recently at a ripe old age.

Professor Grube's greatest contribution, and one which immensely enhances the interest of the plays each of which is dealt with in detail in an ample chapter, is his vivid reconstruction of the mental attitude of the Athenian audience towards points about which it felt otherwise than we do. The spadework for this

has of course been done by others, and notably by Professor Norwood (to whom the book is dedicated). But the detailed application is new and extremely clever. The rise of the science of semantics (or the rise of an appreciation of its principles) has been of immense value. We know now that we do not get inside the skin of an Athenian theatregoer by knowing all about the enclitic *de*; "even the world's best Greek scholar cannot hope to recapture more than a part of the associations which the simplest words had for an Athenian of moderate education. . . And it is with the common words that we lose most."

Critics have pointed out for a long time that the place of romantic love between the sexes was extremely small in the Greek aesthetic, but they have not until recently shown us how much of the resultant emotional lack was made up by an intense (and often purely romantic, and non-physical) attachment between males. The father-son relationship is probably the most dramatic of all human relationships in the Greek theatre, and its importance is not wholly accounted for by dynastic factors. We of the twentieth century have little feeling for it; it is not an elective relationship, so that the contemplation of it does not minister to our sense of power and freedom as does that of two young

people making advances to one another in what we fondly believe to be absolute free choice but the much wiser Greeks knew to be simply the compulsion of Eros. This is but one of many subjects about which we must be able to reconstruct much of the Athenian emotional response on lines totally different from our own, and must above all remember that it is not *less right* than our own because of being totally different.

A moderate knowledge of Greek may be necessary to the full appreciation of Professor Grube's volume, but the present reviewer found that little difficulty resulted from the fact that his own very moderate knowledge had had no air or exercise for over forty years.

Harmonious Hobbyist

PLAYING THE PIANO FOR PLEASURE, by Charles Cooke. Musson. \$3.00.

CHARLES COOKE is known to a wide public as the Mr. Stanley who writes tales of exploration in darkest Bronx for the 'Talk of the Town' section of *The New Yorker*; he is known to a smaller public as an excellent amateur pianist, and in this book he gives the benefit of his ten years of experience to the non-professional pianist who, like himself, is not content merely to fumble ineptly at the keyboard.

The book is not simply recommended to amateur pianists; it is urged

upon them, for it is certainly the best-written, most sensible book on piano-playing now available. It is not an abstruse consideration of extreme technical difficulties intended for virtuosi, and neither is it one of those 'do-away-with-hours-of-dreary-practise' frauds. Mr. Cooke insists that an hour of practise daily will, in time, give the amateur a large and distinguished repertoire of pieces which he really can play with artistry, and he states his belief most convincingly. In this book he tells what to do during that hour, and he makes practise sound like fun.

This is not a book for beginners. It is for those who have once learned something about playing the piano, and who want to recover such ability as they had and make more of it. Never has piano technique been more clearly or more charmingly described. The whole work has the delightful exuberance of a happy hobbyist writing about his hobby. If you can play at all this is definitely a book which you must have; it sent the present reviewer rushing to the keyboard, agog to recapture an al-

most vanished accomplishment. It will do the same for you.

Historical Novel

THREE CAME TO VILLE MARIE, by Alan Sullivan. Oxford. \$2.50.

THIS is a story of life in Canada during the regime of Frontenac, written by a Canadian author who has given much study to that period of our history and whose previous novels have met with a solid, though never a great, success. The book may be recommended to all readers as history with a coating of fiction, but it is clear that Mr. Sullivan intended it rather as fiction with a coating of history. His history is better than his fiction, however, because Mr. Sullivan seems to have rather elementary ideas about human nature, and his characters are little more than lay-figures; on the other hand, his research for the background of his story has been thorough and it makes most interesting reading when it is allowed to push the story out of the way.

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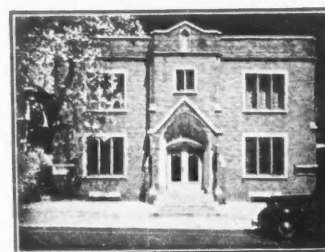
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ANNOUNCING "Le Vertige" CONTEST WINNERS

After careful deliberation, the judging committee presided over by B. K. SANDWELL, editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, rendered their verdict in favor of the following contestants. The prize winning title in each case appears under contestant's name.

HERE THEY ARE

FIRST PRIZE,

MISS LOIS DARROCH, 169 ST. GEORGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT., FOR THE NAME "VORTEX". \$50.00 IN CASH.

SECOND PRIZE,

MRS. R. W. McCLELLAN, 377 WATER STREET, PETERBOROUGH, ONT., FOR THE NAME "GIDDY MOMENT." \$25.00 IN COTY CREATIONS AT HER CHOICE.

THIRD PRIZE,

MISS JANE LIGHT, 306 SPADINA ROAD, TORONTO, ONT., FOR THE NAME "NUPITAL FLIGHT." \$10.00 IN COTY CREATIONS AT HER CHOICE.

UNDER THE CONDITIONS OF CONTEST THE FOLLOWING ENTRIES WERE DISQUALIFIED

Unfortunately several contestants inadvertently submitted titles that were already recognized trade names used by other companies. We list them below for general edification:

"ECSTASY"
"HEAVEN SCENT"
"MOON MADNESS"
"MOMENT SUPREME"
"INVITATION"

COTY THANKS YOU

The Entries Received
totalled a very high
figure

Coty takes this opportunity of sincerely thanking everyone for their splendid response to the LE VERTIGE contest. The entries revealed remarkable variety and a high degree of imagination. To those who did not win a prize, we console them with the thought that their trial bottle of LE VERTIGE perfume will linger pleasantly for many months to come.

FINALLY COTY would like to express their very sincere appreciation of the Judges' efforts in the difficult task of rendering a fair verdict among so many splendid entries.

PARFUMS DE LUXE

WORLD OF WOMEN

"Hearts and Flowers" --- By St. Valentine

BY BERNICE COFFEY

HEARTS and flowers always spell romance on St. Valentine's Day; but this year, especially, you'll find that the fashion designers and the florists have collaborated to give every lady an aura of beguiling femininity when she dances on Cupid's festival day.

Whether your special date is a young collegian, an Army beau or a matter-of-fact husband, you'll be sure to find the new party dresses of net and lace a potent aid to romance, especially if you take your cue from Victorian fashions and accent your curls and your low cut neckline with fresh flowers.

Heart-shaped corsages of gardenias, gladioli, camellias or roses are one of the popular styles in flower valentines that make effective accents to any low cut bodice, whether it's frothy feminine or tailored in the military mode. Taking their cue from precious jewellery designs, many of the 1942 flower valentines will bloom as bracelets, necklaces and tiaras. Even if the man in your life is out of town, it's worth while dropping a hint because all of the glamorous new flower designs can be wired anywhere in the country. In case Valentine's Day finds you without a very special beau, there's no law against practicing romantic stratagems on your own. Well-groomed hands, for instance, will call attention to their beauty if you wear your fresh flowers as a bracelet. Orchids, roses, gardenias and carnations all lend themselves effectively to this romantic fashion.

If your valentine party dress is one of the new type ballerina dresses with a fitted sweater-like bodice, off-the-shoulder neckline and a flared, be-ruled skirt, you'll be wise to copy the dramatic stars of the ballet and experiment with flowers in your hair. 'Til you find the exact places where their fragrance and beauty will give the most glamor to your particular style of beauty.

If you've chosen one of this season's dance frocks with the billowing net skirts and ruffle-covered shoulders, you'll be sure to give Cupid extra inspiration, if you carry demurely one of the old fashioned hand bouquets of red roses, blue violets and white carnations. A tiara headdress is another sure recipe for flattery if you are wearing one of those frothy feminine dance dresses. Orchids, roses, gardenias or camellias are all used for these arrangements. With a bit of lace ruffle and a shower of heart charms, you can look exactly as though you'd stepped out of an old time valentine yourself.

Those who favor the sculptured lines of the sarong skirt or the strictly military modes for formal wear will find charming new styles in valentine corsages that combine gay spring flowers with tailored bows made out



She wears it so the world may see her corsage of little roses and bouvardia attached to a tiny valentine greeting card which has a border of fragrant rose petals and ribbon tied in true lovers' knots.

of their own foliage. Caladium leaves are used as a dramatically simple background for gardenias or camellias that are to be worn with sport furs or a tailored suit.

Whether you have a flair for romantic, picturesque, dancing dresses or sleek sophisticated designs, you can give your costume dramatic accents with the new modernistic corsage designs that turn familiar gladioli petals into giant cabbage roses. Fresh flower hats are another fashion whimsy that has inspired valentine designs. Glamor girls who resist usual types of headgear may wear their valentine flowers like a chignon low in the neck or tilt them over one ear or high on their pompadours in the South American manner. Beaux who want to make a special gesture might wire the one and only girl a tiny flower hat of orchids and a matching wristlet corsage.

"Ouma"

Although she is of retiring disposition and was rarely seen in public until the outbreak of the war, Mrs. Jan Smuts, wife of the famous South African war leader, is one of the most popular and beloved women in Africa.

Throughout the continent she is known as "Ouma," the mother of the fighting men, and her seventy-first birthday which she celebrated last December was a national fete. Her "birthday present" consisted of thousands of pounds collected by the South African Gifts and Comforts Committee, all of it to be spent on her soldier children who are now 200,000 strong.

Very Personal Property

A doll is a girl-child's most precious possession, but casualties among these objects of affection, high at all times, are even greater in times when homes are blitzed and materials and labor must go to make grimmer things.

Realizing that many British chil-

dren during the war would be obliged to go without toys and knowing that a rag doll is about the most huggable doll there is (inexpensive to make, too), Mrs. Boucher, wife of Captain H. P. Boucher, and Mrs. Grant, wife of Doctor N. P. Grant, both of Woodstock, N.B., have developed a new industry of doll-making within the various women's organizations of the town. As a result it is doubtful if there are many towns in Canada sending over so many beautifully dressed dolls.

They are of all varieties and sizes. Some even have complete wardrobes so that the children may have the added pleasure of dressing and undressing their gifts. There are Topsy dolls with wide rolling eyes, peasant dolls with thick blonde braids, clown dolls with wide engaging grins, pretty-pretty dolls with masses of yellow



Destined for English children these dolls, soon to embark for England, are the product of the skilled and imaginative fingers of many Woodstock, N.B. women. Mrs. Harold P. Boucher at the left, and Mrs. N. P. Grant.

curls, Scotch lassies in tartan and tam. All have individuality and the personal charm that is part of the secret of how to win friends and influence people in doll circles.

The bodies of some are made of factory cotton. Others are made of flesh colored material with eyes and so on, worked in colored silks. Most of the dress materials, although of good quality, are odds and ends of bright prints, voiles, wool, etc., salvaged from mending bags. All are made so that they require little space for shipping.

Gilt-Edged

What is going to happen to curly-headed Junior when his father is at the front and his mother is working in munitions or war industries? Is he going to be permitted to live the high, wide and handsome life of Riley (according to his lights), eating what and when he pleases, disputing the right-of-way of trucks, and becoming an infant Dracula because of a complete lack of parental discipline?

Some children are fortunate enough to live near a day nursery where their mothers may deposit them on their way to work at about seven o'clock in the morning, and return for them on their way home at night.

What kind of care do the tots have in these nurseries? Diets are arranged so that they have all the vitamins in their three meals a day, plus liberal dosages of cod-liver oil for good measure. They have regular rest and play periods. Equally as vital, they learn discipline and in most cases develop more rapidly than children brought up in a household. The children range from fifteen months to five years, and the day's program of activities for each is arranged to fit age and development.

There are many such nurseries, but the supply does not nearly fill the demand. To take a specific case the Cradleship Creche of York Township is the only nursery of its kind in the township. It is entirely dependent on the public for its maintenance. Indirectly it is a war project of great importance, for winning this war will be of little avail if the next generation is not fortified with good health and good habits of social behavior. We need men for our fighting forces, women for our industries, and children for the Canada of the future. So this becomes a gilt-edged investment in the most valuable of all our natural resources—the citizens of tomorrow.

The Junior Cradleship Creche is the group of young women who supply the Creche with voluntary service, medical supplies and, last but not least, money to send these children to Bolton Camp for two weeks' vacation every summer. This summer camp is as much Creche routine as orange juice and sunshine in the winter. Each year this group of young women sponsors a dance, the proceeds of which make the holiday possible. This year they're calling the dance "Farmer Brown's Round-Up," and it will be held at Colongue Hall, Toronto, on February 20.



Mrs. Jan Smuts, wife of South Africa's General Smuts, at a Y.M.C.A. tea party given for troops in Egypt.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Canadian Girl Looks Backward at France

BY BETTINA VEGARA

Bettina Vegara, the brilliant young Canadian violinist, was trapped in occupied France after the German invasion and was able to leave only owing to the fact that she had an American passport. She went to Paris to study with Enesco, and at the outbreak of the war had been engaged for two concerts with orchestra in Paris and had offers to appear in England, Scotland and Switzerland—all of these had to be cancelled owing to the war. After much difficulty and many hardships, she was able to leave France for Lisbon, Port-

ugal, and after a four months' stay there, she left for New York and Canada. While in Lisbon she was soloist with the National Orchestra and won an ovation. She also played with much success in Coimbra and was offered a tour of Spain as well as return engagements in Lisbon, but was advised to leave owing to the uncertain situation in that part of the world.

WHEN war was declared, I happened to be walking on the Champs Elysées towards the Arc de Triomphe, that beautiful arch, built to commemorate the triumphs of the great French Army of Napoleon. The last time I saw it there were Germans standing guard, machine guns placed around it, and German cars, tanks and motorcycles circulating on the streets of Paris.

I left Paris soon after war was declared for Le Havre and then went to Dinard, Brittany, to join my friend and teacher, Yvonne Astruc, celebrated French violinist. That journey took thirty-six hours and I changed trains eight times. The mobilization was taking place and as the troops and passengers travelled together, I witnessed many sad farewells at the stations.

I took over Madame Astruc's class of pupils in Dinard, but in December I went to Rennes to join her. The French National Radio had evacuated most of the important French musicians there and they were under contract for the duration. So it was the musical centre during the war. Rennes was also a military objective. Beside the French troops there were many English camps nearby, with headquarters in the city, a large part of the Polish army and Air Force, an arsenal and a powder magazine. It is also an important railway centre with many lines leading to the Breton coast.

The war of nerves was very trying, but when the German advance started, we really began to know what war meant. Refugees poured in from Holland, Belgium and the north of France. They were a pitiful and heart-breaking sight. Some of them had been bombed or machine gunned on the way. Everyone tried to help them and centres were set up in the railway stations. But there was so little we could do after all for people who had lost everything, sometimes members of their families in very tragic circumstances. Naturally the horrible plight of these refugees was frightening, but any panic was probably caused more by the activities of the Fifth Columnists. Their work came to light, and as they often occupied conspicuous positions with their Nazi masters, they flaunted themselves quite openly. As one French officer said, "It is just as well, as we shall know who to kill when the time comes!"

News Blackout

In spite of the seriousness of the situation we still hoped that the German advance would be stopped. But owing to strict censorship we didn't realize the true state of affairs. The morning of June 17th we were rocked by a terrific explosion. I saw an enormous cloud of black smoke and the explosions continued to rend the air. Almost immediately I heard planes and the sharp staccato of machine guns pass over the nearby arsenal and our house.

That night, owing to the dangerous proximity of the arsenal, we stayed with friends on the other side of the city. We tried to sleep, three on a mattress, while the munitions exploded, and planes swooped overhead. We had just learned too from General de Gaulle speaking over the BBC of the separate armistice, and I cannot describe to you the feelings of the French. It was bad enough for me, as I realized that I was stranded and could hold no further communication with my family, but for them

it was their country lost, humiliated, betrayed, and defeated, and the prospect of life under the Nazi regime.

That life was soon to begin. On our way home we met the German Army. They had been preceded by cannon shots. They soon had everything under control and for several days troops, tanks, big guns, and other material went by to the coast. It was like living in an armed camp. Everywhere one looked there were soldiers and tanks. We had a very early curfew at first, and black-out regulations were enforced as never before. There were several officers and orderlies billeted on our little street. That did not prevent everyone however from standing at their windows during R.A.F. raids on the air-port, and in no uncertain terms wishing our aviators success—and death and destruction to the Nazis.

In Paris

I left for Paris with the French Radio personnel in September. Paris was a sad place then, and life was very hard. We were rationed, and we got very little even with our cards. It was quite usual to rise early and stand in line three hours in the cold, only to find that there was nothing left. We had hardly any coal either, and our life was a perpetual struggle to try to keep warm and get some food. Soap was scarce and most articles of clothing very expensive. It was not only the material life however that was so awful. Most families were broken up. Nearly every woman had a son, husband, brother, a prisoner many did not know indeed if they had been killed or not.

It took over six weeks to get my papers in order and make preparations to leave after I had received my money through the American Embassy. I had been without any news from the outside world since June and had only been able to cable my mother for money through the State Department in Washington.

Before leaving some of my friends gave a farewell dinner party. We had all saved our rations for some time, so we could have a little splurge. It was so cold we had to eat in the kitchen beside the stove. We were all bundled up in coats but very gay, and we drank toasts to the Victory, the R.A.F. and de Gaulle. I remarked that all we needed was an R.A.F. raid on the nearby air-ports to make it a perfect evening—and in about 15 minutes we had one! We thought it a good omen.

The trip to Lisbon was long and difficult. Three days and three nights without sleep, little food, and in Spain, no heat or water to wash in. Spain was the saddest thing of all. The misery there is worse than anything I have ever seen. When I reached the Portuguese border it was like coming from a dungeon into the light again. It seemed too good to be true, and it took some time in Lisbon to get used to having lights at night, enough to eat, being out of war again and above all, free.

After a most delightful stay of four months, during which time I was enchanted with the lovely city and touched by the kindness of the Portuguese, I left for America. It was a sad trip in some ways, for I had left Europe behind and especially my beloved Paris where I had learned so much and had found each moment interesting and wonderful. I left many dear friends and it was hard to know how much they were suffering. However, when I saw the Statue of Liberty in New York, it was home at last. I know not a few of us on board hoped fervently that France, who gave the Statue of Liberty to the American people, would be freed once more—and having learned her hard and bitter lesson, would take her place again in this world by the side of the British Empire and the United States, freed forever from the menace of dictators and all they stand for.



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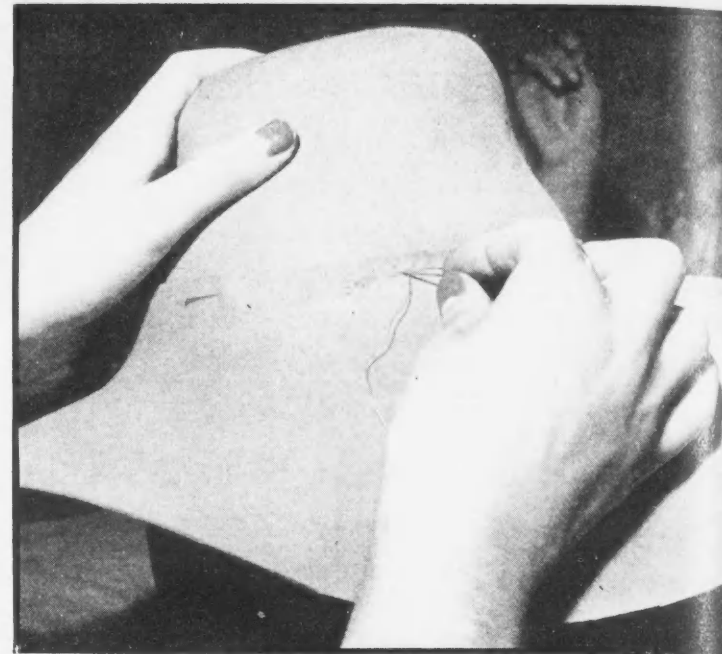
He Makes The Hat That Makes The Woman



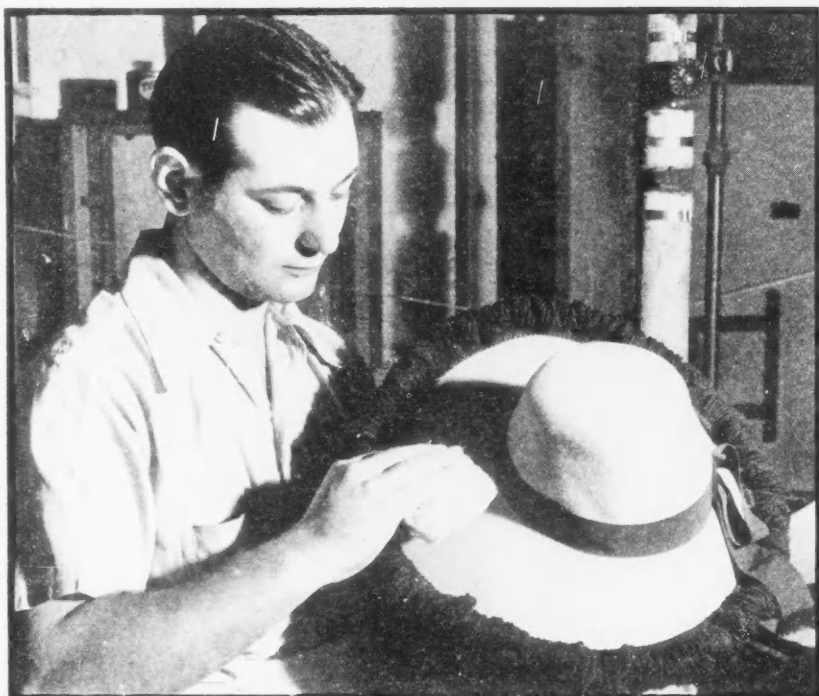
A skilled cutter places felt body on block and cuts brim from crown guided only by description.



Crown and brim then are blocked by hand with heavy steam irons to give stiffness and shape.



Next, a milliner reassembles the two pieces on a wooden block, sews them at the desired angles.



Trimmed, a finisher adds final touches. Sandpaper to smooth nap, sponging, rubbing with a heated cloth.



Shopwork finished, the designer passes judgment. It may be discarded, altered or retained for sale.

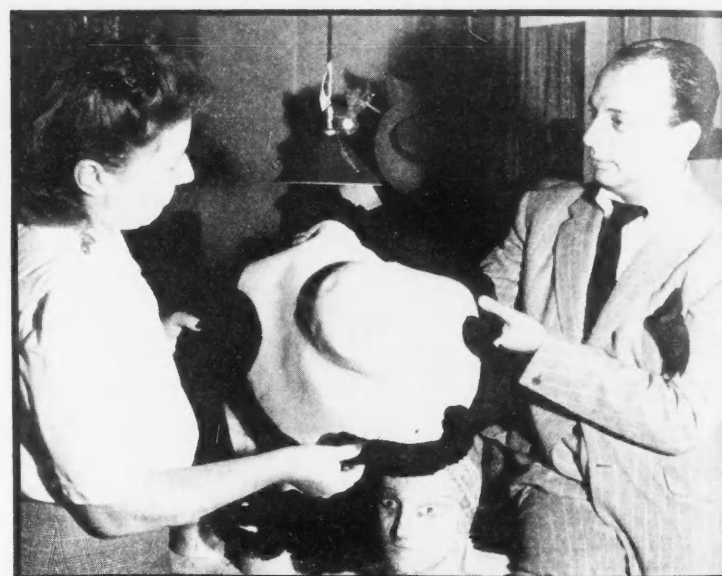
SHOULD a woman's hat be something to amuse her, hold her hair down, or set off her personality? Few women can answer the question either for others or themselves, as is illustrated by the hours they spend in millinery shops. Contrary to the masculine theory that all women's hats represent the opposite sex's contribution to the gaiety of life, the purchase of a hat is a serious business to every woman.

Like other pieces of feminine clothing, hats are cheap or expensive according to the workmanship, creative imagination and personal attention of the designer that goes into them. Many women are not satisfied with hats that simply match their ensembles or flatter their features. They want something that also expresses their character, charm, personality or degree of sophistication. Women who choose to play up and accent their individuality such as those who rank high in the lists of "the best dressed," screen stars, actresses—make up the clientele of the smart shops of New York where, for thirty-five dollars upwards mostly upwards each can buy a personalized creation made exclusively for herself. Such patrons reckon the cost cheap if their hats make them stand out from the crowd.

Here one of the fashionable milliners, many of whose creations are sold in Canada, John Fredericks, "Mr. John" to his customers and employees, shows why hats cost so much. His hats are designed to glorify the patron as shown in the pictures on this page of a fifty dollar hat from inspiration to finished product.

While the designer is of first importance, much depends on the skill of the persons who carry out his ideas. The designer's instructions on the contours of crown and brim are passed on to the skilled cutter, who has no pattern, sketch or outline, such as is used to guide the making of less expensive hats. From the description given him, he knows exactly how the hat should be cut. When it leaves his hands, it goes to a "blocker" who must know how much pressure to apply, for a miscalculation will give the felt an undesired stiffness or floppiness. A milliner places trimmings and ribbons by hand to complete the creation visualized by the designer.

"Mr. John," like many other designers, is convinced that most women are not beautiful, consequently he advocates the large brimmed hat for its feature-softening shadows. Here in his workroom, he goes about designing a hat in a seemingly offhand manner. An almost shapeless felt body is twisted and retwisted into one shape after another until a unique flare or curve is achieved. Then he casually drapes the trimmings. Thereafter, he leaves the milliner to remember the details.



The designer decides what the trimming shall be and gives directions to a milliner where to place it.



The customer knows that although she has paid handsomely (\$50 for this one) she has an individual creation.

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WHEN, after an argument lasting on and off for twenty-five years, Sergeant Alvin York consented to submit his diary to Hollywood he made certain stiff reservations. All the facts, discreditable or otherwise must be included in his extraordinary story. And no mere charmer with a profile and a flashing smile must be allowed to play the role of Sergeant York. He didn't want any screen glorification, and he didn't want to be made a fool of and he wanted to see himself played by Gary Cooper.

Sergeant York was born lucky. Everything always seems to come off for him, and always against the most disproportionate odds. His exploit in World War I was something no Hollywood writer would ever have dared invent, and no Hollywood director, however astute, would ever have hit on the presentation, at once homely and magnificent, which he finally authorized. He was lucky in Gary Cooper, and he was particularly lucky or perhaps merely unconsciously right when he insisted that his story should be no mere glorification of a single exploit but the unretouched description of his Tennessee life and background. We have had plenty of heroics on the screen, but we have never before had so minute and convincing a study of what it takes to make a hero.

In Alvin York's case it took back-breaking toil and heart-breaking poverty; hell-raising on corn liquor and fanatical meeting-house piety; an eye and hand trained at mountain hunting and turkey-shoots; a toughness and hardness and stubbornness that were literally bred out of his native soil and landscape. The landscape itself, superbly revealed, is more than a background, it is a factor that gives the story its characters as it gave so much of its own char-

THE FILM PARADE

The Making of Movie Heroes

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

acter to Alvin York.

The heroics come later when Sergeant York reaches France. The actual war sequences are as prodigious as Warner Brothers know how to make them, with racked and blackened landscapes and the maximum of fury, action and violence. They would be mere spectacle of the sort to which we have become movie-hardened if the whole story of Sergeant York's single-handed exploit didn't happen to be true, in detail. The record for once is as authentic as it is incredible.

Even so, Sergeant York in the Argonne isn't quite the same thing as Sergeant York in Tennessee. In France he is Gary Cooper performing the impossible and being very sure and imperturbable and laconic about it in the Cooper way. But back in

Tennessee he is Alvin York, a hard-bitten mountaineer and a very strange and complicated human creature under his outward simplicity. And it is these early scenes that make *Sergeant York* a magnificent picture and bring Gary Cooper very close to being a very great actor.

THE Soviet film *Wings of Victory* is also the story of a hero—Valeri Chkalov, the great Soviet flyer who in 1937 made the trip from Moscow to the West Coast of America across the North Pole.

There are curious parallels between *Wings of Victory* and *Sergeant York*. Both films are documented biographies. Both are concerned even at moments obsessed—with the

problem of the psychology of heroism. Both, while faithfully preserving the heroic legend, succeed in making their heroes comprehensible, if extraordinary, human beings.

There, however, the parallel ends. *Sergeant York* for long sequences is descriptive, detailed, even ruminative. *Wings of Victory* is almost continuously swift, exciting and emotional. Nearly all flight pictures, even the stupid ones, manage to be pretty exciting. *Wings of Victory* has the added advantage of a fine narrative (with good English titles), and brilliant acting. Best of all, it gives you at every point the sense of a supporting intelligence that keeps it moving always in the right direction and never too obviously or too far.

Soviet films are only just beginning to re-enter this country after a

long lapse while we tried to digest the Moscow trials, the German-Soviet Pact and the Finnish War. It is now possible, however, to observe them once more without prejudice of politics, which is a fine thing especially if you happen to be as much interested in fine pictures as in dubious politics.

The odd paradox about Soviet films is that while they are strictly propagandist in purpose and the direct product of government-controlled studios, they nearly always exhibit an extraordinary freshness, vigor and humanity. This is especially true of *Wings of Victory* and of its central character the flyer Chkalov, as played by Vladimir Belokurov.

To Hollywood-trained eyes Soviet films, after their long absence, take a little getting used to. American films, for instance reveal sharply attenuated figures moving amid opulent surroundings, while in the Soviet product the sets are lean and bare and the people seem a hearty twenty pounds overweight. But their charm in the end is irresistible, since with all the familiar obedience to the State, it is still the charm of a rich and variable humanity.

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John Berry, who appears in Orson Welles' production of "Native Son" at the Royal Alex., week of Feb. 2.

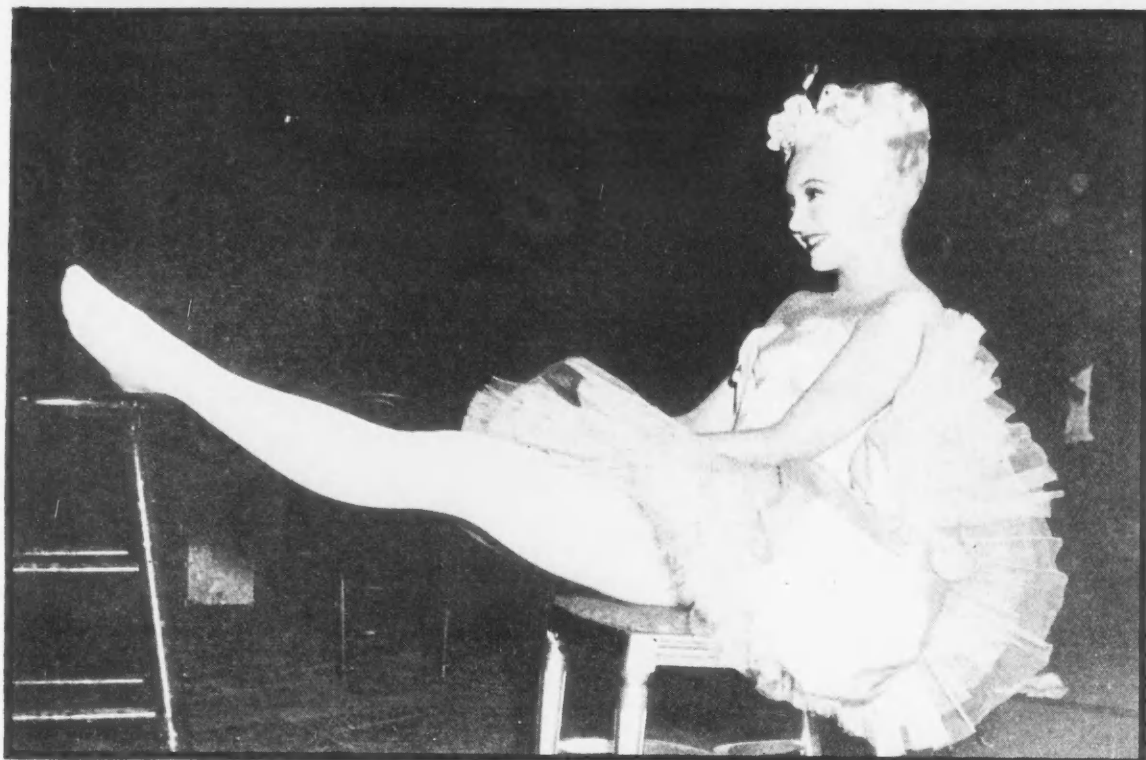


Raymond Massey, Canadian-born actor, as he appears in "49th Parallel", filmed in the Prairie Provinces.



The Ballet Refreshes Our Spirit in Wartime

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES



Irina Baronova, in this informal picture, is seen resting during a performance. Once one of Col. de Basil's 'Baby Ballerinas' she is now in the foremost rank of modern ballet dancers.



A scene from 'Three Virgins and a Devil', a ballet based upon medieval morality plays, but given a satirical twist by the choreographer, Agnes de Mille. The music is by Ottorino Respighi.



Anton Dolin and Irina Baronova as Bluebeard and his Sixth Wife in the new ballet on Offenbach's operetta.



Baronova and Dolin in the Grand Pas de Deux from Tchaikowsky's familiar ballet 'The Sleeping Princess'.



Alicia Markova is considered one of the greatest of living classical, as opposed to character, dancers in ballet.

RUSSIAN BALLET is so called because the tradition of the best modern ballet is derived from the Imperial Ballet Theatres of pre-revolution Russia; there is no good reason why a dancer in Russian Ballet should be a Russian. Indeed, it has been proved again and again that first-rate ballet dancers may come from France, from the Balkans, from Britain or from America. The leaders of the present Ballet Theatre, which will shortly visit Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, Ottawa and Toronto, are both British; Alicia Markova began life as Alice Marks, and Anton Dolin is an Irishman, known to his friends as Pat.

The Ballet Theatre has recruited its members from many companies, including the two parts of the Ballet Russe, and while it has done its best to preserve what is great in the Russian tradition it has not hesitated to direct the business of the ballet according to American methods. Russian Ballet reached its highest development in a country of infinite leisure. The Imperial Theatres were supported by the government, and had unlimited supplies of money and time; their audience was drawn from the wealthy and aristocratic classes to whom life was largely a matter of passing the time as agreeably as possible. The late risings of the curtain, the seemingly interminable intervals and the general unpredictable quality of the ballet were doubtless charming in Old Russia, when a great part of the audience had no intention of going to bed before five a.m. They are somewhat less pleasing in modern America, and the Ballet Theatre has done much to accommodate ballet to present-day requirements in entertainment.

PERHAPS the most interesting ballet in the repertoire of this company at present is *Bluebeard*; Dolin and Baronova may be seen as they appear in this piece elsewhere on this page. The choreography is by Fokine and the music has been adapted from Offenbach's comic opera of the same name. New York critics have acclaimed this work as "more amusing than Broadway musicals" and "smash-hitting" and "dandy"; apparently it has a rowdy element which is new in ballet. It should be an interesting experience. *Pas de Quatre* is a reconstruction of the famous appearance before Queen Victoria of four famous ballerinas, including

Taglioni and Elssler; ballet lovers know the engraving of this group. *Peter and the Wolf*, with the Prokofiev score which is familiar to concert goers, will be performed once, at the Wednesday matinee, in Toronto. Markova will dance *The Dying Swan*, the first ballerina to do so since the death of Pavlova, who made it peculiarly her own. The satirical ballet by Agnes de Mille, called *Three Virgins and a Devil*, is a novelty, though perhaps a less startling one than *Bluebeard*; it draws its inspiration from those medieval plays which were performed for the instruction and edification of the devout, but the ballet, like Matthew Arnold in Beerbohm's drawing, is not always wholly serious.

THE manager of the Ballet Theatre, S. Hurok, says that special attention has been paid to the formation of the *corps de ballet* in this troupe. We are glad to hear it. The greatest weakness of the ballet companies which have visited Toronto during the past year or so has always been the *corps de ballet*; no star, however great, can wholly make up for inattention and slovenliness in that quarter. Perhaps Mr. Hurok means to show us a group of minor dancers who are accomplished in that most exacting branch of the dancer's training, the art of standing still. If he does so, he will have done something for ballet which, apparently, neither Massine nor Col. De Basil can do.

No Canadian needs to be told of the necessity for hard work and sacrifice at the present time. It would be extremely short-sighted, however, to neglect entertainment utterly. Recreation is literally recreation, and the re-created man or woman, rested and refreshed in spirit, does better work and more of it than the joyless drudge. Ballet is the supreme recreation: it permits the watcher, for a few hours, to cast off the burden of care which he bears through the day, and to move in a world where everything is right, where movement and sound are harmonious and where life has form and an obvious meaning. To neglect such an opportunity to steel oneself anew for the great task in hand is short-sighted. Anything which helps us to work harder when we are working, and to be cheerful when we are not working, is an indirect aid to our national spirit in wartime.

"THE only way," said the pretty girl on the bus with a blue Red Cross smock over her arm, "we are going to be able to be volunteers soon is community kitchens."

This was ungrammatical, but sitting right behind her I got the drift. I was clutching lamb chops and a box of frozen peas in my hands to support the Marches on maid's night out, and the idea of the existence of a community kitchen was definitely interesting. Her companion also equipped with a smock, but looking as if a chaise longue, a beauty parlor, and a limousine were her natural haunts said "Why?" mildly.

"Because if what they say about the number of women needed in the war industries is true there won't be any maids or any charwomen either, and all of us with houses will have to get very handy at housework."

"That doesn't explain the community kitchens."

"Well we can't all move into hotels, so we'll have to make the beds and clean the baths and sweep and mop a bit, but if we didn't have meals to get too maybe we would still have time to work as volunteers."

"Gracious, we'd all get very dull if the only people we ever saw were the delivery men. You see your friends at the Red Cross, even if you haven't time to speak to them."

"Well, think how matey eating at

a community kitchen would be. You'd see your neighbors all the time. That black eyed woman who catches me whenever I walk the dog and asks what I think about Number 60, and the way people stay there till all hours, would adore it."

"Yes, and we would all live off stew and macaroni and things you can leave sitting in large cans keeping warm for the late people."

"Yes, no Hollandaise, or omelets, or filet mignon done to a turn. Still, we'd get by all right."

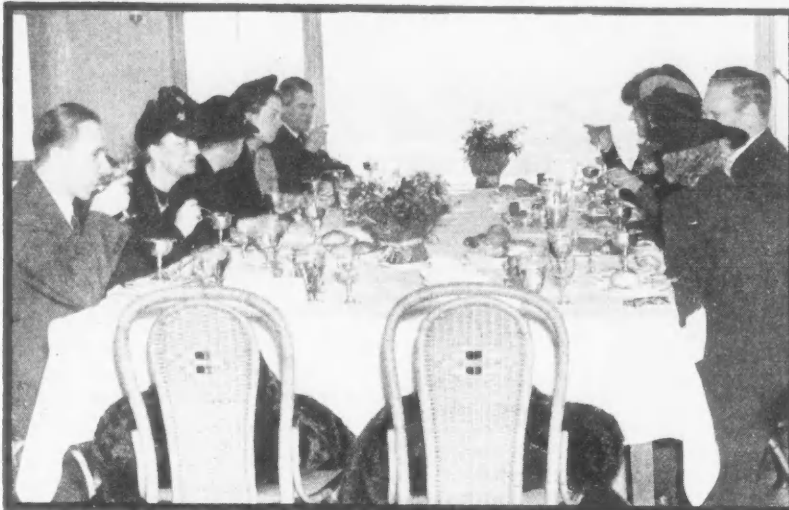
At this point I got off clutching my chops, which in the last few minutes had seemed to grow much more precious. "I'll do them with mushrooms in the broiler" I found myself thinking, considering this meal like the last breakfast of the condemned man, for before my eyes was an endless row of stew pots.

There's no doubt that the ladies of the bus were right and that time and maids are both going to get as

CONCERNING FOOD

Let's Have One More Dinner

BY JANET MARCH



Editors of leading Canadian publications lunch at Niagara Falls, guests of Mr. Earl Thomas, during a visit to the surrounding grape-growing district and its wineries. Purpose of their visit was to obtain first-hand information concerning the many excellent Canadian wines now largely replacing imported wines for use at the table and in fine cookery.

scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Painstaking slow careful cooking is probably one of those things which will soon be out for the duration. Let's have a few more good dinners while we may.

Potato Soup
Baked Calves Liver
with Carrots and Onions
Celery Salad, Mustard Dressing
Coffee Cream

Potato Soup

This is rather a substantial soup but so many busy people now eat such skinny luncheons that you can serve larger dinners and have them liked.

4 large potatoes
1 large onion
3 pints of water
3 tablespoons of butter
1 cup of milk
Salt, pepper
Chopped parsley

Peel the potatoes and cut them up in slices, and put them in a pan. Add the onion, also sliced, and the water and seasoning and let it all simmer for about an hour and a half. Rub through a sieve. Put the purée back in a pan, add the butter, and when it is boiling stir in the milk. And lastly add the parsley just before serving.

Baked Calves' Liver

No one ever seems to go to a doctor about their diet these days without coming home with directions to eat liver. Here is another way to cook it besides the inevitable liver and bacon. The quantities are for about eight people.

3½ pounds of liver
¼ pound of salt pork
2 bunches of carrots
1 tablespoon of butter
Small white onions
A bouquet of parsley, thyme, a bay leaf and half a garlic clove
1 cup of meat stock
A small glassful of white wine
Nutmeg, Cloves
Lemon slices
Salt and pepper

Peel the carrots and cut them up in smallish pieces. Peel the onions and stick a clove in each one. Brown the salt pork cut up in very small squares in the butter on the top of the stove but use a casserole dish. When the pieces are browned add the carrots, onions and the bouquet of parsley, thyme, bay leaf and garlic. Have the butcher leave the liver in one piece, but get him to lard it for you. Put the liver in on top, and sprinkle with salt and pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Pour on the cup of

meat stock, and the wine. Cover with thin lemon slices, put the lid on the dish and cook in a slow oven for two hours when it should be very tender. Baste quite often during the time. Take out the bouquet before serving, and pour off some of the juice, skim the fat off, and simmer what remains till it is quite thickish. Take out the liver and carve it in thin slices and then replace in the casserole. Surround it with the carrots and onions and pour over the reduced juice and be sure to serve very hot.

Celery Salad with Mustard Dressing

Take off all the tough outside pieces of celery and cut the tender inside pieces into two inch bits. Split these and let them curl in cold water. Dry thoroughly and pile in a bowl. Mix half a teaspoonful of salt with a teaspoonful of English mustard, stir in the juice of a lemon and when you have a smooth paste add three quarters of a cupful of thin cream and pour and toss on the celery before serving on lettuce leaves.

Coffee Cream

3 cupfuls of cream
¾ cup of strong coffee
3 tablespoons of sugar
Yolks of six eggs

Heat the cream in the double boiler, and add to it the coffee and sugar. Then pour this mixture onto the beaten yolks of the eggs and stir. Strain into individual oven dishes, and oven poach in a moderate oven till the cream sets. Chill, sprinkle with fruit sugar quite thickly, and brown under the broiler. Chill again before serving. Many people like the coffee cream hot without the brittle sugar coating on the top, and it is easier to manage as you have to watch the sugar browning under the flame with the greatest care or it will burn. The amount given should be enough for eight.

On Ice

The 35th annual Carnival of the Toronto Skating Club will be presented in Maple Leaf Gardens for five nights, commencing March 9. Last year the Toronto Skating Club presented a cheque for \$5,000 to the Canadian Red Cross, from carnival proceeds and other club activities. This cheque was earmarked for the "blood banks for Britain" and was the first instalment of a substantial war contribution.

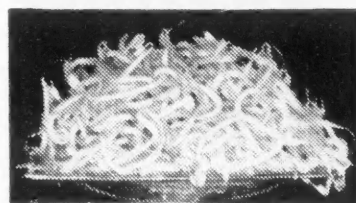


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MUSICAL EVENTS

Vaughan Williams and Whitman

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE revival of Vaughan Williams' choral and orchestral work "A Sea Symphony" by Sir Ernest MacMillan at Massey Hall last week, though it left something to be desired from a choral standpoint, undoubtedly made a very deep impression on listeners. The next day I met an elderly gentleman who would not be interested in the average song recital, however distinguished, and probably never read a page of Walt Whitman in his life. He had however heard "A Sea Symphony" over the radio, and had been stirred to enthusiasm by the majesty of its tone-pictures. On the audience present its emotional effect mainly due to the splendid playing of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, was also remarkable. It is possible that the glorious text of Walt Whitman had very little to do with public approval for the simple reason that nobody heard very much of it. Listeners with a program in their hands could however read the lines which lifted the composer to such exalted heights.

Ralph Vaughan Williams is more fully identified with the poetry of Whitman than any other composer. As long ago as 1907 he composed for the Leeds Festival a work based on Whitman's text entitled "Toward an Unknown Region," which proved less enduring. "A Sea Symphony" was composed for the same event in 1910, and was first heard in America when rendered by the Mendelssohn Choir with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Dr. H. A. Fricker in

1921. In a more recent work, the beautiful "Dona Pacem" produced by Sir Ernest last season, the book contains, in addition to Biblical excerpts and John Bright's "Angel of Death" apostrophe, some of the heroic poetry inspired in Whitman by incidents of the American Civil War.

The vast improvement in Vaughan Williams' technique is apparent in a comparison between "A Sea Symphony" and "Dona Pacem." In the later work the presentation of the text was made a first consideration; in the one of thirty years earlier the right of an audience to understand the words was secondary. In 1910 Vaughan Williams had not freed himself from a vicious tendency, common among British composers of that day, to rely on tonal masses rather than on an explicit presentation of the text. It is due to this tendency that nearly all British attempts at serious opera after "The Bohemian Girl" were still-born. If a composer wishes to use voices in solo or in mass he should give them a chance. Vaughan-Williams certainly did not give the chorus a square deal in "A Sea Symphony," glorious though it is.

The difficulty was not helped by the deficiency of the Conservatory Choir in male voices, due in part to "flu." Their paucity and tameness were even more apparent in the responses to the soloist in Stanford's setting of Newbolt's "Songs of the Sea," although the baritone Eric Tredwell sang the verses with brilliant declamation and tonal volume. In justice to the Conservatory Choir, making its last appearance before being merged with the Mendelssohn Choir, it should be said that the bright and beautiful tone of the sopranos added to the thrill of the superb climaxes. Mr. Tredwell and the soprano soloist, Jeanne Pengelly, both of whom have fine robust voices, also made an admirable contribution.

It was an oceanic program throughout; and it was a happy thought to present in contrast to the heroic British items Debussy's lovely Suite "La Mer," in which the orchestra excelled itself in expression and quality of tone.

Robeson and Blake

The great negro basso, Paul Robeson, now in his 44th year, has an advantage over other singers of his race in his cultural background. A native of Princeton, New Jersey, he in 1919 graduated with the highest academic honors from Rutgers College, which he had entered under a state scholarship. The fame of the Greenwich Village Theatre was fleeting, but among its memorable achievements was the discovery of his gifts as a singer. A little over 20 years ago it presented him in a recital of negro music with Laurence Brown, the same fine pianist who accompanied him at Eaton Auditorium last week. Robeson woke up to find himself famous, as well he might be, for no other bass voice so great in volume and beautiful in quality has been forthcoming in our time.

Last week Robeson's literary culture was revealed in his recitation of a short anti-slavery poem, "The Little Black Boy," written in the early part of the last century by William Blake; and by a peerless rendering of Sir Hubert Parry's setting of the same poet's lyric "Jerusalem," which contains the line "England's green and pleasant land." It is to be feared that most artistic people are more familiar with the drawings of Blake than with his poetry, which was ignored for many years after his death.

In singing "Jerusalem" Paul Robeson did a great service. For some reason Parry's setting which in England, according to "The Oxford Companion to Music," has almost attained the position of a secondary National

Anthem, has been ignored in America. The setting was composed midway in the last war on the suggestion of the late Robert Bridges, poet laureate, who wanted it for a "Fight for the Right" rally in Queens Hall. It was also sung in March 1918 in celebration of the final stage of the "Votes for Women" movement. The choral setting in unison is said to be magnificent, and has long been used as a test piece in Competition Festivals. Since the present war began every choral society in England has been singing it. Its applicability to the present situation is so clear that it might have been written in 1939. Blake also wrote a longer poem named "Jerusalem," but this shorter lyric is much more noble and beautiful; and no contemporary singer could render it with such poignant fervor as Paul Robeson.

It was more than a decade since I had heard him, and I found his voice not only unimpaired but more vital and attractive in its upper register. He had gained measurably in finesse, animation and variety of expression. His residence in Russia for a considerable period seems to have turned him into a first-rate interpreter of the music of Moussorgsky, much of which seems to demand a voice of tonal vastness to bring forth the full effect of his conceptions. Years ago in appearances as *Othello* in London, Robeson showed himself possessed of dramatic intensity; and this gift was manifest in his superb rendering of the Prayer and Death scene from "Boris Godounoff." His voice control in the final passages when he must suggest the failing tones of a dying man was especially memorable. There was also a haunting quality in his rendering of "Within Four Walls" in which the composer is said to have recorded his own loneliness and privation. Earlier the singer gave an exhibition of declamatory grandeur in the aria "Lord God of Abraham" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Of negro songs both religious and secular he sang many and it is unnecessary to say more than that they were infallibly rich and racy. In some of them his original co-worker Laurence Brown vivaciously joined. The effect of all was captivating.

Reginald Stewart recently made his first public appearance as a pianist in Baltimore, when he played the Tchaikovsky Concerto in B flat minor with the local Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow. The audience was the largest in the long history of the organization. Hundreds were turned away and standees six rows deep lined the back of the hall. The debut was so successful that arrangements were made for his appearance in a recital at the Lyric Theatre in mid-February. Earlier in the month he appeared as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and on March 7 and 8 will play with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, John Barbirolli conducting.

Coming Events

THE University Settlement Music School is holding a theatre night on Monday, February 9th at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, in order to raise funds to continue the work of the school. The occasion will be the first performance in Toronto of the Ballet Theatre, and the program will include *Aurora's Wedding*, *Pas de Quatre*, and *Bluebird*.

MURIEL and Lucile Reuben will play a program of music for two pianos at Eaton Auditorium on Monday evening, February 2. The recital will include Bach's *Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor* and two new pieces by Kenneth Meek, a Canadian composer.



Madame Pauline Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, soprano, is a grandniece of Felix Mendelssohn. She is now resident and teaching in Toronto.



Arthur Rubenstein, eminent pianist, plays with the Toronto Symphony February 3.



Irene McLellan and Carl Koshoeff Kay, below, are two of the promising performers in the Young Canadian Artists' Series at Toronto Conservatory during the present season.



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"I have to
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THE OTHER PAGE

Morning's At Nine

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

WHEN Mrs. Andrews referred, however remotely, to her present lack of domestic help, Mr. Andrews was certain to exclaim, "You with your vacuum cleaner and electric refrigerator! You don't know what work means. Think of my Aunt Carrie. She lit a wood fire and milked four cows and fed her chickens and kneaded her bread, all before breakfast. She was up at five every morning of her life. And look at us. We don't begin work till nine."

Mrs. Andrews was incapacitated from answering by a large yawn induced not by boredom but by simple fatigue. She went upstairs to see whether the children were covered. "You're not going to bed already?" her husband called. "I'm afraid I am," she called back. "Good night."

SHE was awakened as usual by Elsa's voice at the open front door calling thinly,

"Here kitty, kitty, kitty."

Five minutes after seven. She hurried to the head of the stairs.

"Elsa, shut the door. Have you got your slippers on?"

"Cinders won't come, mamma. I've called and called."

"He'll be here by breakfast time, you know he always is. Go on back to bed."

Elsa skipped up in her faded pyjamas which were too short to cover her bare feet. She put one foot over the other and smiled enchantingly. "I couldn't find my other slipper and I got so tired hopping if I only have one."

Mrs. Andrews yanked one of the fuzzy yellow braids. "Get into bed and warm up. It isn't time to dress yet."

BARBARA sat at the table in her bedroom, her round face very pink, her grey eyes shining as she spread glue over portions of a painfully drawn map of South America and sprinkled on it a thick layer of medium-ground coffee.

"Doesn't that look super?" she demanded. "It shows they grow coffee there. I have a rubber band to put on over here where the rubber is."

"Why can't you rest in the morning, Barbara? It's only a little after seven."

"Guy's had his light on for hours. Anyway I wanted to get my map done."

Mrs. Andrews crossed the hall, Guy, wearing an air force cap on his ruffled dark hair, was sitting up in bed reading a comic book. He did not hear his mother who retreated silently. She had heard her friends describe their difficulties in getting their children up in time for school; her own three behaved as though their beds were covered, in the best fakir manner, with spikes, for they retired to them as late as possible and were out of them again at the earliest possible moment. She went back to her own room, revolving her morning dilemma. Would another warm ten minutes in bed balance the anguish of having to get up a second time? No, she decided, and began to dress. Her husband was still asleep and she slipped out of the bedroom and ran downstairs.

SOMEbody came downstairs and when she went to look it was Barbara who sat on the chesterfield winding up the ball of wool she had dropped.

"You know you're not to come down in pyjamas, dear," her mother suggested gently, repressing a shudder as she saw the wool. "Run up and get dressed."

"The teacher wants our afghan squares in today and mine's only half. Listen! Elsa!" she shrieked, pointing dramatically at the front door. "He's back. I hear Cinders!"

Mrs. Andrews opened the door and Cinders walked calmly in and arched himself against her ankles.

The next thing she heard was Elsa at the piano. It was eight o'clock. She disconnected the toaster to go and let Rags in and on her way protested mildly,

"I wouldn't start the new piece now, Elsa. At noon I can go over it with you."

"I have to get it hands separately for this lesson. I don't need you to help me."

"Count then. One and two and —"
"I am counting. I count to myself."

GUY followed her to the kitchen with a volume of the encyclopedia under his arm.

"Where's a pencil, mom? What does 'propel' mean?"

"There's one in my desk. It means to push." She rescued a smoking slice of toast and gave the porridge a vigorous stir.

"Push doesn't sound right. 'It can propel the liquid,' he read, 'to a distance of eight or twelve feet.'"

"What can?" his mother demanded. The percolator had been plopping thickly for some time and she removed it from the burner and poured wheat germ into a bowl.

"Mom, I think I've lost a stitch," Barbara sighed, coming into the kitchen with her knitting which she regarded with a fond, resigned look as though it were a refractory child.

"The skunk," Guy explained.

"What skunk? No you haven't lost a stitch, Barbara, you're trying to pick up a loop in the row below. Go right on."

"For my project. I have to write a paragraph about the skunk and find a picture of one."

"Why did she give you the skunk, I wonder? Elsa, you're going too fast. One and two and three and —"

"I am counting. Anyway I'm doing the left hand now."

"You have to count for the left hand just the same as the right."

MR. ANDREWS appeared in the kitchen doorway, broad, smiling and immaculate. It was fifteen minutes past eight.

While she ran back and forth with bowls of porridge, fresh pitchers of milk, new piles of toast, Mrs. Andrews sent answers and suggestions flying after her like banners. Her husband was geniality itself with the children but his touch was a little too light to be helpful.

"Skunk," he exclaimed, unfolding his napkin. "What's this I hear about skunks? Why not skinks?"

"Oh daddy," Elsa squealed. "There isn't any such thing as a skink."

"Of course there is. Didn't you ever hear of the blue-tailed skink? Guy was fascinated. 'What does it look like? What does it eat? I think I'll take the blue-tailed skink for my favorite animal.'"

"You'd better look it up this noon," his mother suggested, slipping away his empty porridge bowl. "Barbara, eat your breakfast, dear."

"I can't. I have to catch this stitch. You said if I dropped one it would run way back to the beginning."

"Eat first and then we'll fix it."

"If I lay it down maybe it'll run back."

"Here, I'll fix it for you." Mr. Andrews seized the knitting and gyrated the needles in a cloud of wool while the children screamed, Elsa and Guy in delight, Barbara in anguish.

THE hurry of the last hour rose rapidly to a kind of frenzy like the up music at the climax of a motion picture. Elsa sat on the floor to wrestle her shoe through the close webbing at the bottom of her ski pants and Barbara involved herself in the laces of her new goloshes. Mr. Andrews finished his second cup of coffee and went upstairs for a handkerchief. Mrs. Andrews stood under the kitchen light disentangling Barbara's knitting. Guy was ready first.

"Bye mom," he said as he passed her.

"Have you your mitts?"

He pulled them out of his swollen pocket. "Oh," he said. The leather mitts were two soaked balls.

"Oh Guy, you shouldn't put them in your pocket wet."

He tossed them onto a chair, answering cheerfully. "They'll be dry for me to wear snowballing after school. I don't need any now."

"Indeed you do. Look in the

pocket on the closet door for that old pair I knitted. Here's your work, Barbara."

"Oh thank you, mom. I'll get a lot done in school. Mom, there seems to be a knot in the lace of my golosh."

"I don't want to wear that old pair of mitts. They've got a dog on them and none of the kids wear a dog on their mitts." Guy opened the door and was only captured by a quick dart of his mother's arm.

"If you get your leather mitts soaked and forget to dry them, you have to wear old ones, dog or no dog. Pretend it's a picture of Rags."

"It does look kind of like Rags," he answered in a pleased voice, pulling them on. "Bye, mom."

"There's your knot untied, Barbara. Aren't you about ready, Elsa?"

"I'm all ready but I can't find my parka." There was always at least one "can't find"; they searched the kitchen and dining room.

"I can't wait," Barbara shouted and was gone.

"Here it is!" Mr. Andrews called and when Elsa and her mother ran joyfully in he held up a one-armed baby panda wearing a ruffled doll's dress. "Sorry, I thought this was what you wanted."

MRS. ANDREWS went to look behind the radio but Elsa jumped up and down hugging the panda. "Oh my darling andy-pandy. I couldn't find him when I went to bed last

night. Where was he, daddy?"

The front door burst open.

"Why Barbara, I thought you'd gone."

"I forgot my coffee map. Haven't you found your parka yet, Elsa? You'll be late."

"It must be upstairs," Mrs. Andrews decided after looking under all the cushions. She ran up as Barbara ran down. The parka lay in plain sight on Elsa's dresser.

"Well, it's time I made my way into the world," Mr. Andrews announced as the door crashed shut behind the two girls. "Did you notice whether a bus has just gone?"

"I haven't been watching the buses," Mrs. Andrews answered. "Will you be on time for dinner?"

He too was gone. Mrs. Andrews went slowly into the dining room and sat down on the nearest chair. The tomato juice was warm, the coffee cold, the porridge was set like concrete, the toast was gone. The table was completely bare and in appalling disorder and Mrs. Andrews was extremely hungry. It was nine o'clock.

A blessed silence flowed toward her from the battered walls and welled up like a spring from the pelted floors. It soothed her like an April wind and she began to laugh, sliding down in her chair and letting her hands fall limply into her lap.

"Poor Aunt Carrie," she murmured. "Just milking a few cows and kneading bread and feeding chickens. I don't believe she could stand this for one morning."



Everyone likes this Catsup!

Made from fresh ripe Canadian Tomatoes

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your book-sellers, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address: "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

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As featured in our SEMI-ANNUAL SALE of Furniture and House-Furnishings

The Modern Way to Plan Your Home

on today's income for now and the future is to assemble unit by unit fine modern pieces especially designed for their purpose to fit any space in any combination you may desire.

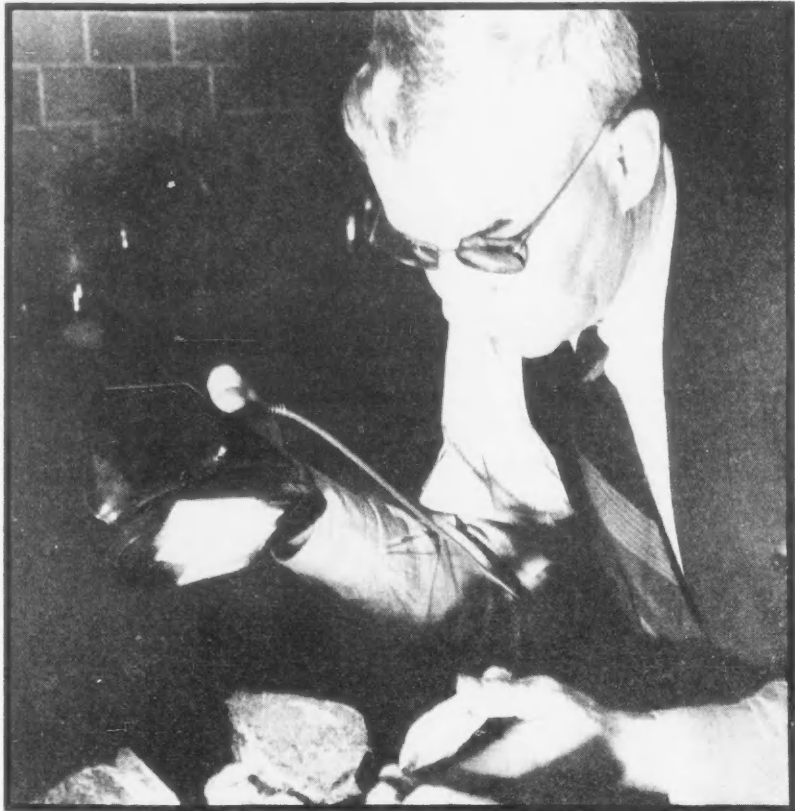


Photographed in "Thrift House," three separate chests assembled to make handsome buffet for dining room in warm bisque mahogany tones.

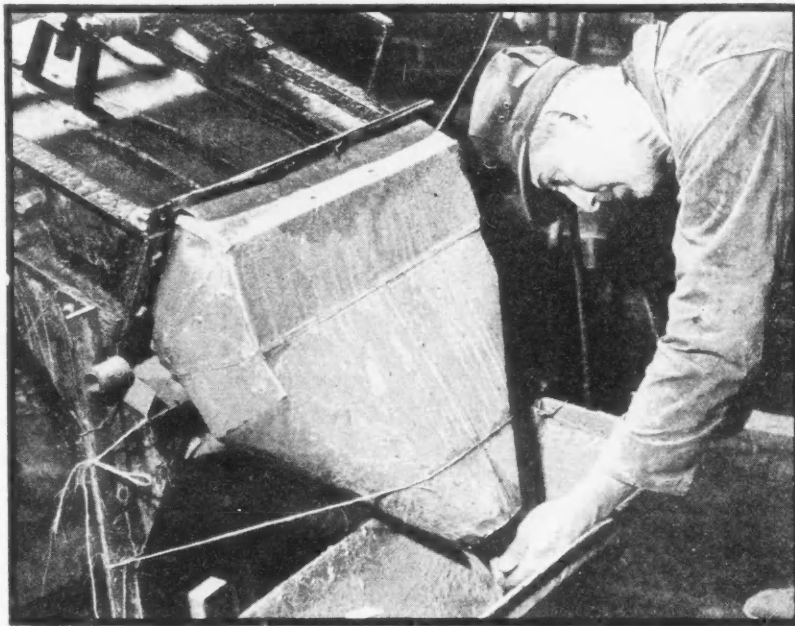
EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

Ration Money Expenditure to Beat Black Market

BY LAWRENCE JACK



Wartime demand has given birth to a new and important Canadian industry—the refining of tungsten, which is used as a hardening agent in the manufacture of tool steel. Tungsten glows white under ultra violet rays while the rest of the scheelite ore from which it is obtained stays dark.



A workman examines some of the tungsten being refined at the Bureau of Mines' plant in Ottawa — the only plant of its kind in the Dominion. Portable ultra violet ray lamps are being made for prospectors to aid in the search for tungsten, for the important Chinese source is cut off.



This is tungsten concentrate fresh from the mill where it is refined; in this form it will be added to the melting pots in making tool steel. China once paid for American arms with tungsten, but now that the war has isolated China, Canada and the U.S. must develop other sources.

A PREVIOUS article describing price control techniques in four democracies (SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 24) suggested that rationing and concentration of industry designed to lower costs are the only sound and universal means of directly attacking inflation in a world at war. With sweeping modifications regarding techniques of enforcement the same lesson could have been drawn from a study of conditions in Germany, where prices have scarcely moved in the last half-dozen years. It must be emphasized, however, that if only particular goods are rationed, the prices of unrationed articles tend to rise.

The British found this out when meat was severely rationed, yet fish and game were left uncontrolled. Prices of the last two sky-rocketed, with the inevitable result that those who could afford to could feast on pheasant or salmon, even though they could not have bought any meat legitimately because they had used up their rations. At the same time a black market quoting higher prices for rationed articles will always develop, with the result that they tend to disappear from legitimate markets, thus again favoring those who happen to have plenty of money.

Because both the British and Ger-

Experience seems to show that rationing and concentration of industry designed to lower costs must be the foundations of a thorough-going anti-inflationary policy. Rationing, however, attracts camp-followers in the development of black markets and increases in the prices of unrationed goods.

To avoid these blemishes in a price-control scheme, incomes must be equitably reduced. Increased taxation and government borrowing are obvious ways of doing this, but they have their limits. Mr. Keynes' "forced savings" plan has the merits of combining the two and equalizing real sacrifices, but it is not wholly applicable to Canada in its present form. By rationing money expenditure, however, the problem can be solved neatly.

mans have experienced black market troubles, it does not seem to be going too far to say that only an inhuman exercise of self-restraint on the part of the whole population will prevent their appearance once a rationing scheme really starts to hurt. Since only extraordinary police activity can keep them under control, it is no accident that the worst black market conditions are now to be found in the occupied countries of Europe, where Gestapo control is still not as all-pervasive as it is in Germany. It seems that the struggle for survival under almost impossible

conditions there fully warrants the dangers run by both illegal buyers and sellers. Of course, while a democracy cannot use the savage Hun police tactics, it can follow recent British practice in cranking down on black market malefactors with heavy fines.

Air-tight Control

But since even this is locking the stable door after the horse is stolen, some auxiliary approach to the problem must be used if a price control system is to be air-tight—that is, if

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Industry's Other Wartime Task

BY P. M. RICHARDS

PRIVATE business has reason to view the wartime transformation of the nation's industrial and economic structure with mixed feelings. It is in a different position in this respect from other groups in the national community—the Government, labor, professional men, consumers as such, etc. For while these latter can properly regard the winning of the war as the only thing that really matters, or rather as the sole aim of the moment, private business

knows that it carries another major responsibility which the others do not, at least to the same degree. That is the task of carrying on production and providing employment and maintaining services to the public when the war is over.

Ability to support this burden, which will assuredly be dumped on it immediately the war ends, is a matter of life or death for business. Business will have to deliver the goods, employment and production or else. . . . Public opinion is not now, and will certainly not be after the war, disposed to accord a sympathetic ear to plaintive explanations by business as to why it can't do what is demanded of it, or to listen tolerantly to optimistic statements that "prosperity is just around the corner." That phrase sounded all right in 1933, when it was new, but it just won't go in 1943, or whatever the year is. If private business can't supply jobs in sufficient quantity, public opinion will demand that the Government do something about it—pronto. And that "something" will probably not be good for private business—for the "private" part of it, I mean.

The Threat of State Capitalism

A public that has learned what can be accomplished by concerted, state-directed action in time of war, and how thoroughly and productively privileges, prerogatives and property rights can be subordinated to the public interest of winning the war, is not likely to be satisfied with any less vigorous and comprehensive methods of winning the peace—if the peace seems unlikely to be won otherwise. It will drive the Government to take steps which would certainly be detrimental to the interests of private enterprise—steps in the direction of substituting state capitalism for private capitalism, and having immediate reflection in the continuation and extension of the arbitrary controls of wartime.

Canadian industry today is doing a splendid job in meeting the great demands made upon it by the war. It is doing it efficiently and also unselfishly—unselfishly because the very limited profits made pos-

sible by the E.P.T. and other taxes are more than offset, over the long term, by the present and prospective losses due to disruption of production and markets caused by the war. How far does the public appreciate this fact?

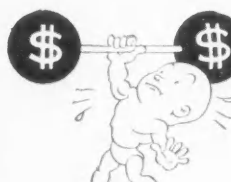
If Canadian industry wants to run its own show after the war, without undue restriction by government, it must build up public understanding and goodwill now. It must tell the story of its achievements to the public when the public is most inclined to listen, before the unifying influence of war has gone and post-war strains and stresses have lessened public receptiveness.

Nothing to Hide, Much to Tell

There is a great deal that Canadians don't know about Canada's industrial war effort. There is a great deal they don't know about the contributions to it being made by numberless concerns of all types and sizes, small as well as big and supposedly "non-war" as well as those recognized as war industries. There is much that they don't know about the difficulties overcome and sacrifices made for the national good. They should be told about these things—by the press, of course, but also directly by industry itself by all possible means—to the end that knowledge of private industry's service to the nation in wartime may develop into understanding of the need for a healthy private industry in the peace to come.

There has never been a time when industry had so little to hide, so much to tell—the facts regarding its contributions to the national economy as a provider of employment, a furnisher of tax revenues, a creator of national wealth shared by every member of the community, a builder of the world of the future through the progress and application of scientific research. The advances of science due to the war will enormously enlarge industry's capacity for service after the war. But its opportunity to serve will depend upon the then state of public opinion regarding the place of private industry in the social-economic structure.

It is not only for industry's sake that the facts should be made known, but for the sake of the public itself too. If public opinion is not educated, serious harm to society is likely to be done through the strangulation of much-needed private enterprise by governmental restriction and competition. And since no one can say how soon the war will end and the post-war emergency be upon us, and since the job of educating the public will take time, it follows that no time should be lost in setting about it.



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it is to rule out black market activities. And by going back to first principles we can discover what this might be. Thus, inflation under war conditions is simply the conjuncture of too small a supply of goods with too great a supply of money available to be spent on them, which leads to excessive and unhealthy price rise. It is obvious that the supply of consumer goods must inevitably shrink as larger percentages of national income are diverted to armaments, and it is equally obvious that a determined war effort will sooner or later push the national income up to its maximum, thus steadily increasing the amounts of money in people's possession.

The remedy, then, should be equally obvious: decrease the amount of money available for consumption outlays. If the commodity side of the price equation decreases, as it must, then shrink the income side, and equality will be had. In this case, it will be reflected in an absence of price rise. Thus, the government should aim to cut purchasing power to an amount barely enough to cover living expenses or to buy the available amounts of goods on the market. The authorities can pick the higher or lower of these amounts, depending on the degree of their hardboiledness, or depending upon the sacrifices they think they may require of the public in order to win the war.

Slick, Pat Theory

This is slick and pat as a statement of theory, but putting it into practice is quite another matter—a thorny problem for politicians and an administrative job of staggering complexity. The usual technique suggested for reducing purchasing power is to increase taxes and borrowing. No one can quarrel with that, if it is put forward as merely an over-simplified statement of necessity. A more valuable statement, however, would answer the questions "What taxes, how heavy, and on whom?" and "How will you insure a sufficient amount of borrowing?" An analysis of the various possibilities should suggest the best techniques and perhaps an adequate test of goodness would be whether the proposed action on incomes would adequately support a rationing program by eliminating the development of black markets.

While a program of heavy taxation will help combat inflation, it is not always realized that a war-time tax policy should be radically different from "ability to pay" principles which ordinarily govern taxation. Thus, it should be directed against decreases of income and this means against an increased wage bill for the country as a whole and higher profits. Unkind as it may seem, it should crack down heavily on the big man as well as on excess profits. On the other hand, anti-inflationary taxation must stop at the point of diminishing returns, because beyond that it will defeat the government's main policy, which is to

increase the country's war potential.

Thus, British experience seems to show that a 100% excess profits tax can discourage producers from taking war contracts, with the result that the London *Economist* in an article on September 27, 1941, entitled "For Services Rendered," argued, "that output cannot be stepped up sufficiently without increasing the material inducements offered to producers." Further on, with regard to labor, it suggested that "workmen could be stimulated into more rapid movement by the establishment of higher wage levels in the war industries." Therefore it would seem that a policy of taxing away enough of income to equate the remainder with a given available amount of goods at constant prices is likely to be economically as well as politically impossible. There is no doubt that the latter is the case: with the best will in the world no one is likely to love a government enough to permit it to take in taxes everything above the amount of income necessary for bare existence.

This leaves government borrowing as a necessary aid to tax policies, and if it can be shown that this will mop up enough purchasing power, there is no need to go any further. The only trouble is that this has never happened; nor is it likely to. In both Britain and Germany the stock market has proved an irresistible attraction for unpardonable margins of income. Thus purely voluntary lending to the government is bound to prove only partially satisfactory.

This is where Mr. Keynes' famous plan for "forced savings," "deferred pay," "returnable taxation," or whatever you want to call it, comes in to combine the two. It provides for what is virtually a sharp increase in the present British income tax rate, but it allows a portion of the government take to be credited to the payer in the form of savings. Thus both the administration and the taxpayer get the best of both possible worlds. Further, it is designed to help the transition from a war to a peace economy by repaying the borrowed part whenever it seems necessary to boost consumer demand and thus help to maintain business activity.

Since the plan has these obvious merits, the British have tried it in a somewhat half-hearted fashion for nearly a year, and it has no doubt helped appreciably to keep the cost of living relatively stable since early in 1941. Even so, however, it does not yet go far enough, and the income escaping it can turn to the siren lure of the black market. Of course, it could conceivably be pushed to extreme limits, but objections to this are the same as those against extremely heavy taxation—it will not always operate evenly. Those whose incomes increase will gain as compared with those whose incomes remain stable or decrease.

Basic Idea Admirable

Besides, as at present conceived, it would not operate in Canada as it does in Great Britain, for it was adapted to purely British conditions. One important item alone will show the difference in its operation in the two countries. British income tax exemptions allow for payment of insurance premiums to a limited extent. True, the exempted amount is not very much for a man whose policy includes a large amount of savings, but it is quite enough for straight insurance sufficient to protect a reasonable number of dependents. In Canada, however, sweeping adaptations would have to be made if such a plan were to operate comfortably. Still, the basic idea is admirable, chiefly because it puts lending to the government on a compulsory basis.

The final technique under discussion also comes from Great Britain, where it was sired by a Mr. Kalecki, who has the most novel approach of all. He would tackle the problem of inflation at the base by rationing money expenditures, so that a man could not possibly spend more than a fixed sum per year. Thus, every purchase would entail the surrender of a "cash coupon" as well as a food or clothing coupon, say, if the article bought happened to be rationed. And since every sale would have to be

vouched for by cash coupons, the black market problem would be dealt a death blow. Because a man could spend only a fixed amount per year it would no longer be worth his while to pay a higher black market price for an article, rationed or not, for it would cut too heavily into other possible purchases.

There would be massive problems of administration in making such a scheme work, but it does provide a method by which evasion of rationing could be adequately dealt with. An average level of expenditure could be established for different income and family groups, and by now enough people pay income tax to make it relatively easy to nail everyone who is getting an income appreciably above the subsistence level. Some variation in expenditure allowances according to income size would, of course, be necessary, rent, taxes and other fixed cost differentials being what they are. (In fact the plan might lead to a Utopia of complete honesty in reporting income, for a higher income, even though it would carry with it higher taxation, would permit a modestly higher level of expenditures.) For those with unique problems or needs special courts of review could be set up, just as they have been in England to deal with conscientious objectors. In fact, the more one looks at this technique, the tidier it seems.



BANK CREDIT ESSENTIAL TO DEFENCE

Loans needed to further Canada's war efforts naturally have priority at the Bank at this time. However, commercial credits for normal constructive purposes are being supplied as usual.

The maintenance of a sound, smoothly functioning, normal-times

economy is fundamental to national defence—and banking service has an important part in such maintenance.

No matter what your line of business, you are invited to discuss your financing problems with the manager of our nearest branch.

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THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

A Record Year of Service

New Life Insurance \$111,825,000

An all-time record — \$11,802,000 greater than for 1940.

Insurance in Force \$769,214,000

A gain of \$71,116,000 — by far the greatest in the Company's history.

Assets - - - \$154,805,000

An increase of \$10,990,000 for the year.

The Company holds for the protection of policyholders \$16,137,000 in Unassigned Surplus and Reserves beyond legal requirements.

As part of the Company's co-operation in the war effort, the holdings of Dominion of Canada War Loan bonds were increased by over \$15,000,000 during the year.

London Life

Insurance Company

Head Office - London, Canada



Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, 97th Archbishop of Canterbury, who last week resigned his Primacy to make way for "some one younger in years and more vigorous in mind and spirit who will be better able to prepare now for post-war plans." He is 77.

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The personal requirements of the individual in investment matters constitute an important feature of our investment service. This service is available at any of our offices.

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FORWARD AND BACK

The month of January takes its name from the Roman God "Janus" who was always represented as looking two ways—forward and back.

Hence, from very early times, the first month of the year has been regarded as an appropriate time for reviewing the past and planning the future. In no field of activity is this more important than in matters relating to your Will. For instance:

Have you thought of how the new Dominion Succession Duty, on top of the Provincial Duty, and the increased Income Tax will affect your beneficiaries?

Make it a point to review your Will every January and give careful consideration to changed circumstances. Consider, too, the qualifications of your Executor. The addition of a simple codicil is all that is necessary to secure the administrative services of The Royal Trust Company.

REVIEW YOUR WILL EVERY JANUARY

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY

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LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 28th, 1942, payable on the 2nd day of March, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of February, 1942. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian funds.

By Order of the Board,

P. G. McLELLAN,

Secretary

Toronto, January 22nd, 1942.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 315

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWO DOLLARS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of MARCH next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st January, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

JACKSON DODDS, G. W. SPINNEY,
General Manager General Manager
Montreal, 20th January, 1942.



MR. CITIZEN: ALL RIGHT, JACK! WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some Western Canada Flour Mills preferred stock and I paid considerably more for them than the present market price, and I am not very much impressed with their last financial statement. Do you think that a switch to another company with a better background would be advisable at the present time?

—L. C. B., Brandon, Man.

I think you would be well advised to switch your Western Canada Flour Mills stock.

Arrears on the preferred which you are holding at the present time amount to \$51.75 per share and I see little possibility of collecting in the near future. It seems to me that a reorganization of the company must be effected before these preferred share claims can be met.

In the year ended July 31st, 1941, net was \$227,279, equal to \$9.42 per preferred share, as against a net of \$216,127 and preferred earnings of \$8.96 per share. At the present time I can see little possibility of any material gain in earnings and, as I have said, little possibility of any payment on arrears.

SHAWINIGAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hold a few shares of Shawinigan Power and have been thinking of increasing my holdings of the common. The price is quite low at present and if the present dividend rate is maintained, it provides a fair yield. I would very much appreciate your advice which I have always found very sound. I am primarily interested in safety of capital, plus a fair possibility of appreciation and yield.

N. S., Calgary, Alta.

I think that the stock of Shawinigan Water and Power should meet the requirements which you outline in your letter.

Allowing for higher taxes, earnings this year should hold reasonably close to \$1 a share and I would say that continuation of the 90-cent-per-share annual dividend rate is indicated. In 1940, earnings were equal to 95 cents per share, against \$1.06 per share and \$1.04 per share in 1939 and 1938, respectively. The outlook is for a continued high level of operations under the stimulus of wartime industrial activities.

With 62 per cent of revenues coming directly from industrial customers, record sales should continue as long as the war lasts. Important new contracts received in 1940 will add considerably to revenues in 1941 and should continue to have a materially improving influence in 1942. The

current outlook for the chemical subsidiary is favorable and its already lusty export business should improve as a result of the war.

TECK, BUFFALO CAN.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me what you think of Teck-Hughes. I bought some shares at more than double today's price. Would you suggest I still keep the shares? Also, can you tell me anything about Buffalo Canadian? I have been holding it for a long time. This company has become interested in Avalard recently.

—B. R., Toronto, Ont.

I think if I were you, I would retain the Teck-Hughes shares. Out of its earnings of 41 cents a share for the 12 months ending August, just over 25 cents came from Lamaque Mines, in which it holds almost a three-quarter interest. The prospects for Lamaque are promising and it should give the parent company a nice income for years to come. Teck is also actively on the search for new properties and at present has two outside bets.

In the Kirkland Lake property positive ore reserves are 446,347 tons, which, if the proposed milling rate of 200-250 tons for the duration of the war is carried out, means over six years' operations. Further, the exploration underway will likely continue to find new ore.

There apparently has been little, if any, change for some time in the Buffalo Canadian picture. Three drill holes were put down to test the Avalard property, but I understand these did not locate anything of commercial importance.

BIG MISSOURI

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Four years ago I bought some shares of Big Missouri and since then their value has slipped considerably. Can you give me any information as to the company's present position and prospects?

S. J., Kitchener, Ont.

Big Missouri Mines Corp. holds 40 per cent of the issued shares, and \$83,000, in bonds, of Buena Vista Mining Co., which operates the Big Missouri group of claims in British Columbia. While a small operating profit is being made, the prospects do not appear very promising for any improvement.

The report of Big Missouri for the year ended January 31, 1941, quotes D. S. Campbell, mine manager of Buena Vista, as stating that the grade of ore was running just under the commercial limit, with the tendency still downward, which could only be checked by higher grade in the north end. Under ordinary operating condi-

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tions with high tonnage the operation will break even with ore running around 0.06 oz. gold. This, however, is not the case over the whole year. The spring shutdown increased the average costs, and an average grade of 0.07 oz. is necessary to be sure of breaking even. Costs for the current year might be slightly higher.

I understand there has been no change in the situation since issuance of the annual report. As at January 31, Big Missouri had \$989 cash, long term investment securities at cost of \$2,350,647, and \$395,474 advances to associated companies. Current liabilities were \$17,546.

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I have stock in G. I. as to hold the stock good advice grateful if

I would save of G. I. year present time appreciation. The tractor. Earning will probably 1941 and dividend below the \$1 that year. ly lower than the drastic

Toronto Leads A Life Pro

Toronto Other

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Mr. White Life represents United States during the production Company in qualified for Production of the Club Production life

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Superintendent Mutual Benefic Association and ment of Mr. J. tendent of Ag Canada. Mr. Insurance circ position the Agency Inspect ar

GOODYEAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some shares (common stock) in Goodyear Tire. I am perturbed as to whether I should sell or hold the stock. You have given me good advice before and I shall be grateful if you will advise me now.

—W. N. K., London, Ont.

I would say that the common stock of Goodyear Tire had appeal at the present time for income, although appreciation possibilities seem limited. The long term outlook is attractive.

Earnings during the current year will probably be well below those of 1941 and dividend payments may fall below the \$4 per share distributed in that year. Operations will be sharply lower than in 1941 as a result of the drastic curtailment in production.

Toronto Representative Leads All Great-West Life Producers for 1941

Toronto Branch Has Eleven Other Production Leaders



Louis White

The highest office in the President's Club of the Great-West Life Assurance Company has been awarded to Louis White, Toronto representative of the Company, according to word just received from Head Office. He will be the 1942 President of the Company's Honor Production Club in which 11 other Toronto representatives have won membership.

Mr. White led all the Great-West Life representatives in Canada and the United States for personal production during the past year. Since joining the Company in 1917 he has successfully qualified for membership in the Honor Production Club each year and has won the Club Presidency five times, an outstanding life insurance record.

Other Toronto representatives who qualified for memberships through being leading producers this year are: E. H. Reed, C.L.U., M. Shlesinger, J. Brode, R. C. Holmes, C.L.U., C. Rotenberg, H. Manson, H. J. Mitchell, C.L.U., L. S. Hein, F. W. Pearson, F. H. Thiers, and H. Marshall.



J. L. PERKINS

Superintendent of Agencies for Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Assoc. The Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association announces the recent appointment of Mr. Jack L. Perkins as Superintendent of Agencies for the Association in Canada. Mr. Perkins is well known in insurance circles and brings to his new position the experience of several years as Agency Inspector with the Ontario Insurance Department.

GOLD & DROSS

BOBJO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

About five years ago I noted an opinion in your columns that Bobjo showed promise and I bought 1,000 shares at 25 cents. Since then the market has been up and down, mostly down.

R. B. J., Vancouver, B.C.

I consider the long-term prospects for Bobjo, which is a holding and exploration company, with many and varied interests, as quite promising. Its principal activities at the moment, include participation in the financing of Dominion Magnesium, which has developed a new process for producing magnesium in Canada, for war purposes, from dolomite and other natural sources, as well as the business of exploring for oil. While it is impossible to state the financial benefits Bobjo will derive during the war from its interests in Dominion Magnesium the potentialities will be large after the war. Bobjo is exploring for oil over an extensive acreage in southeastern Saskatchewan and a test well may be drilled shortly.

The company's portfolio is fully representative of mining companies engaged in exploration and development, and some of these have real possibilities for appreciation.

ONTARIO NICKEL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate any information you can give me regarding Ontario Nickel Corporation.

—N. L. F., Toronto, Ont.

Ontario Nickel Corporation is reported completing plans to bring the optioned Moose Lake property into production, and proposes construction of a 200-ton concentrator, also installation of an electric mining plant.

The question of an outlet for the company's production appears to provide the main problem, as due to the war eliminating the export market a real hardship has been worked on the smaller operators. The International Nickel Company has the only refinery in Canada to reduce the ore or matte into refined nickel. I understand the company has been negotiating for the further treatment and marketing of the concentrates and, in view of the great demand for nickel and copper, they expect no trouble in disposing of them.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area in February 1941, and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be erected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

POSITION OF THE SHORT-TERM TRADER

So far as concerns the near-term movement, we would regard any distinct weakness in prices as a point for further accumulation of stocks. To the contrary, an early continuation of the market rally, initiated in late December, to the 129-122 area on the Dow-Jones industrial average would exhaust its more immediate possibilities and, for those disposed to trading rather than long-term holding, would suggest reduction of positions.

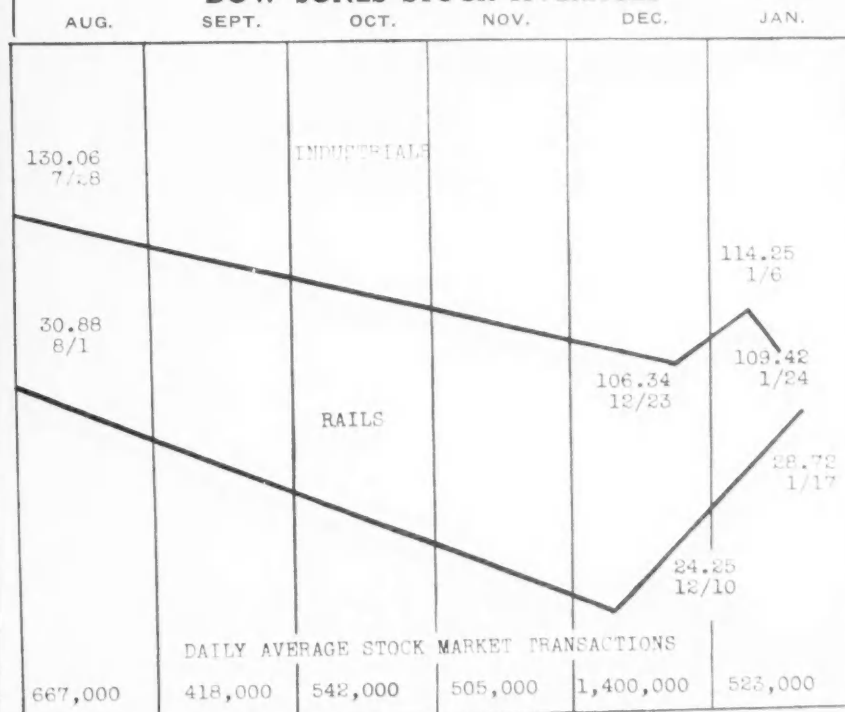
MANY READJUSTMENTS ALREADY EFFECTED

Looking to the broader movement, we find, as we enter the year 1942, that many of the readjustments to war, as they bear upon the American stock market, have been effected. These readjustments were accompanied by a relatively low level, in terms of both earnings and dividends, of stock prices, and the market may continue under their influence pending passage of the price control legislation, disclosures as to the nature of the 1942 tax legislation, and clarification of the current Japanese offensive against Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

HIGHER PRICES TO RULE AT YEAR-END?

Nevertheless, as the year 1942 progresses, the public, assured as to reasonable corporate earnings, will be free to give major attention to the war's final outcome and to the risk, inherent in a war economy, of an eventual price inflation. On the basis of these considerations it would seem reasonable to anticipate a better level for stocks at the close of the current year as compared with the level at which the market is entering the year.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



GOLDEN GATE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In October last, in reply to a question re Golden Gate, you advised me that this mine was cross-cutting on the 725-foot level to intersect the downward extension of the No. 35 vein. Could you inform me as to the result of this cross-cutting—was the result favorable or otherwise? Is there any other reason for the drop in the market value of these shares?

S. L. J., Montreal, Que.

The drop in the price of Golden Gate shares can be attributed to the general state of the market due to the war, as well as lack of success met with in opening up any considerable supply of ore. As it is, the profit being made pays expenses and allows for limited development.

On the 725-foot level it was discovered that the south dipping east-west "A" fault had flattened, cutting through the structure above that level instead of below it. Two drill holes were put up and later a raise which encountered the vein some three rounds above the floor. It is possible that further to the south the fault may not interfere with the vein.

NEW APPOINTMENT BY DOSCO



Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation Limited announce the advancement of T. H. McEvoy to General Manager of Steel Sales. Mr. McEvoy has been in the service of the Company for the past 25 years.

AYERST, MCKENNA & HARRISON, LIMITED EXECUTIVE CHANGES IN U.S. SUBSIDIARY



W. J. MCKENNA

This Canadian corporation is planning to extend the activities of its United States subsidiary company which was organized in 1934 and since then has enjoyed a remarkable record of yearly sales growth. In keeping with this program of expansion several members of the Canadian Executive have been appointed to new positions in the American company. W. J. McKenna becomes Chairman of the Board of Ayerst, McKenna & Harrison (U.S.) Limited, Wm. Harrison becomes Vice-President and Managing Director, and W. H. Wallace becomes Secretary and Assistant Managing Director in charge of sales. H. McPherson and W. A. S. Ayerst retain their positions as President and Treasurer respectively of the American company. All five men continue as members of the Canadian board of Directors.



WM. HARRISON

Phase No. 2

AS IN all wars suddenly begun by aggressors, a temporary initiative is held by the unscrupulous attackers.

Most recent proof of this is the brief advantage gained by the Japanese through their onslaught without warning on British and United States outposts.

Phase No. 1 of the war has seen almost uninterrupted victories for the enemy.

But—we now enter the second phase, and the tide is turning in favor of the great democracies.

Production gathers momentum, manpower is mobilized, co-ordination is perfected, resources be-

gin to tell, the full might of free men is brought to bear.

In this phase—the truly vital period for winning victory—let us all redouble our efforts and increase our contributions to the total strength.

The Silverwood organization—skilled in the safeguarding, processing and distribution of dairy products—realizes the importance of its function on the "food front" and the "health front" and is dedicated for the duration to the high task of doing better work in difficult times.

At home and abroad, we are resolved to maintain the high standard of excellence we have set up for

Silverwood's dairy products

WHEN a person buys a policy of life insurance, he may evince a lively interest in the various features of the contract brought to his attention by the agent during the selling process and in the amount of the premium charge per \$1,000 of insurance, but it is a fact that, once it is bought and settled for, it is usually placed away in some safe place against the time of its maturity as a claim or until needed as security for a policy loan in an emergency.

It is of more than academic importance to every life insurance policyholder and beneficiary to be informed as to what steps should be taken in the event of the death of the insured to ensure prompt payment of the claim. Practically all regularly licensed life insurance companies are willing and anxious to expedite the payment of such a claim, and many of them take a legitimate pride in the celerity with which they get the money into the hands of the beneficiary or beneficiaries when once the claim papers are completed.

Many people keep their life insurance policies along with their other securities in a safe deposit box, but this is not always a good practice if some other safe place is available, such as a good office or home safe, because in some jurisdictions the law requires the companies renting safe deposit boxes, on the death of a box holder, to seal the box, which then may only be opened with the consent of and in the presence of a legally constituted officer of the court. This may involve some delay.

As a rule, it is advisable to keep all life insurance policies together in one place, with a note attached to any policy whose status has been changed in any way in relation to premium payments, or if it has a loan against it, or if it has lapsed for any reason. This will avoid the grievous disappointment which results when a widow or other beneficiary, in looking through a group of policies, dis-

covers that one for \$10,000 or \$20,000 is no longer in effect, having lapsed some years prior to the death of the insured because of failure to pay the premium.

Upon the death of the insured, the company or companies carrying the insurance or their representatives should be notified without delay, and they will then supply the necessary claim papers and assist the beneficiary or beneficiaries in preparing and completing them. Three statements are usually required, one by the claimant beneficiary, one by the physician, and one by the undertaker. These statements must be sworn to before an officer duly authorized to administer oaths, such as a notary public.

For the collection of a claim under a life insurance policy, the intervention of any third party is wholly unnecessary, and there is no reason for the payment of any fee or commission in connection with such a claim. No insurance company or reputable representative will make any charge for services rendered in connection with the supplying of and preparation of the necessary claim papers.

Claimant's Statement

In regard to the statement required from the claimant, it must be made by the person or persons to whom the insurance is payable. If there is more than one beneficiary, all may join in one statement, or a separate statement may be made by each, if desired, and separate blanks will be furnished for that purpose. When a

policy is payable to legal representatives of the insured, the statement must be made by an executor or administrator, a certified copy of whose appointment must be furnished. A certified copy of any will left by the insured is also required.

In the case of beneficiaries who are of age, they make their own statements, but in the case of beneficiaries who are minors or otherwise under legal disability, they must be represented by their guardians, a certified copy of whose authority and appointment must be furnished. Where a policy has been assigned, the statement must be made by the assignee and must be accompanied by the original assignment or a certified copy thereof. In the latter case, the original assignment must be surrendered with the policy when the claim is paid.

If any beneficiary named in the policy has predeceased the insured, proof of the death of such beneficiary

Life insurance companies as a whole deservedly enjoy a high reputation for the despatch with which they settle and pay all claims under their contracts. Which is one of the reasons why more and more people are turning to life insurance as a means of financial protection for themselves and their dependents.

However, to enable the companies to make speedy payment of any individual death claim, for example, it is necessary that they be furnished promptly with the completed documents establishing proof of claim. Therefore it behooves policyholders and beneficiaries to know what steps should be taken in order to avoid any delay.

must be furnished in the form of a duly certified death certificate. If a policy is payable to "children" in whole or in part, without naming them, a statement under oath must be furnished giving the names and dates of birth of all children of the insured. If any have died, the statement must give the date of death and also whether they died unmarried, intestate, and without issue.

Physician's Statement

With regard to statement required from the physician, it must be made by the physician in attendance during the last illness of the insured and must be entirely in his own handwriting. A full statement of each pathological process, especially as to its duration and results, is required. Such indefinite terms as heart failure, exhaustion and the like are not re-

garded as satisfactory, unless full details are added. When a coroner's inquest has been held, a copy of the verdict and autopsy findings, duly certified, must be furnished with the physician's statement.

With respect to the undertaker's statement, it must be made by the undertaker by whom the body was interred. All the information contained in his statement must be based on his personal knowledge or official records. Answers to the following questions among others, are required: Do you know the body to be that of the deceased? Who issued the burial permit? What was the cause of death as it appeared on the burial certificate? Was the body interred or cremated? To what authorities did you give notice of the death and interment? What was the height, weight, color of hair, and color of eyes of deceased?

There is no question that a careful and sympathetic insurance company representative can be of material assistance in the task of getting these statements and claim papers completed and executed, and forwarded to the insurance company without delay. What may look like rather a formidable undertaking to an inexperienced person is regarded as a simple and routine matter by the skilled insurance representative, and as part of the service which he is glad to render to the beneficiaries of his company's policyholders.

While the law requires money payable under a life insurance policy to be paid within thirty days after reasonably sufficient proof has been furnished to the insurance company of the maturity of the contract, of the age of the person whose life is insured and of the right of the claimant to receive payment, it is the practice of many companies to make payment as soon as such proof is made without the delay of a single day.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

As one of your regular subscribers for many years your valued comments re a Government Annuity will be appreciated.

I took this out years ago and have paid \$11,000.00. This gives me \$100.00 per month at the age of 65 years. To have this start at once requires something over \$5,000.00 but in case of death, the guarantee as you will notice is for 10 years only. This is a 4% annuity not subject to income or other taxes. Present age is 55 years.

C. L. G., Lloydminster, Sask.

By making the stipulated payment of \$5,399.85 at this time, the annuity contract matures on February 28, 1942, and you will begin to receive income from the annuity instead of when you reach age 65 as provided in the original contract, but otherwise there is no change in the contract. That is, you will receive \$100 per month as long as you live, however far into the future your life may extend, while the monthly payments are guaranteed for ten years in any event, so that should you not survive to receive the monthly income for ten years the remainder of the monthly payments would go to your heirs.

In making the change from an annuity to begin at age 65 to an immediate annuity, you are getting the benefit of the rates prevailing when you took out the original contract. The cost of a new immediate annuity of \$100 a month at age 55, guaranteed for ten years, would be \$16,548 under the present rates.

Editor, About Insurance:

Will you kindly let me know if "La Sécurité General Insurance Company" with head office in Montreal, is a strong company and if its fire claims are promptly settled.

F. H., Quebec, Que.

Security General Insurance Company of Canada, with head office at Montreal, which formerly operated under a Quebec charter, has since January 1 of this year been carrying on business under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed for the transaction of fire, accident, automobile, explosion, guarantee, inland transportation, personal property, plate glass, sickness, sprinkler leakage, theft and windstorm insur-

ance and, in addition thereto, civil commotion, earthquake, falling aircraft, and impact by vehicles insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company.

It has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$317,300, made up of \$302,300 of Dominion of Canada bonds and \$15,000 of the Province of Quebec bonds, for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. It is safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

Editor, About Insurance:

Recently a couple of my agents have advised me that business men who are prospects for more life insurance, have made the statement that owing to new war prices regulations it is now impossible for them to take more money out of their company this year, and they want to pay for whatever insurance they take out of the company funds. I told them that this was in my opinion only an excuse and not told them in sincerity, but in conversation with a lawyer the other day, he told me that there is a possibility that they may be right. Would you be kind enough to give me the correct answer?

S. G. A., Toronto, Ont.

There are no restrictions on the purchase of new life insurance in this country from any company that is regularly licensed to do business in Canada either with individual funds or with company funds which the purchasers are entitled to use for that purpose in the ordinary course of business.

There are restrictions, of course, on the sending of money out of Canada for the purchase of securities in other countries and for the payment of the first premium on policies taken out in other countries, although in the case of life policies taken out in other countries and in existence at the time the exchange regulations went into effect funds may be sent out of Canada for the payment of renewal premiums on such policies and the necessary exchange may be obtained for that purpose. But there is no restriction on the taking out of new life insurance in this country with any regularly licensed company.

Our 50th Year

THE 1941 RECORD

Insurances and Annuities in Force	\$660,457,610
An increase of \$20,201,995	
New Business Placed	62,766,744
An increase of \$9,364,879	
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries	15,884,814
To living Policyholders, \$11,318,490	
Assets	180,608,957
An increase of \$7,096,628	
Surplus, Contingency Reserve and Capital	6,801,015
Added security for Policyholders	



During 1942 we shall observe our 50th Anniversary, leaving behind a "first 50 year" record unequalled in Canadian life insurance.

Planning for the coming year this Company is giving full support to war-time demands and in turn urges all Canadian citizens to do their share, and particularly to support Canada's forthcoming Victory Loan.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG, CANADA

Britain's Battle For Steel

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

*Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent
in London*

To-day, many months after Dunkirk, Britain's steel production is below pre-war peaks! Yet Britain has the men and the raw materials and the need. All she needs is firm, tough direction.



Gen. Dusan Simovich who led the revolt last winter against pro-Axis Regent Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and who last week was succeeded as Premier of the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile by Slobodan Jovanovich.

no more now than we could in 1937, when Hitler was just a Continental annoyance, it is a pretty bad business. The excuses are there, plenty of them. We are saving ships by cutting down imports of iron ore. There are absolute labor problems and there are relative ones arising from the replacement of imported ore with domestically-recovered scrap. And, according to the Steel Control, there is also a constraint imposed by considerations of "long-term" needs.

Heartening the Enemy

Will these excuses stand examination? The enemy must have derived considerable satisfaction with the public announcement of the approximate state of production. He must have derived more from the reasons put forward for its failure to show that we really understand that there is a war on. Ships are invaluable, but so are tanks, for Russia and us, and planes for Russia and us, and guns and new ships themselves. And these things are made out of steel. What sort of priority should imports of iron ore have? Surely priority over practically everything else. And these labor problems. What are they and why do they exist? Does Mr. Bevin remember the terms of the mandate which the country gave him? It takes some time to train a man for steel foundry work, but the Ministry of Labor has had the time, carrying its mandate since Dunkirk. If by now we cannot produce more than our peacetime maximum because of la-

bor difficulties, then our labor policy is tragic. And what, in particular, of this "long-term" story? What will be long-term for the British people if the war should be lost? Are our admittedly pretty good stocks of pig and scrap to be nursed for some long-term dream when our needs in the Pacific are so great, when Russia needs so much, and when we have a spring, please God, of offensive work before us?

Steel men know how production could be increased. There are great latent scrap supplies in Britain which have only begun to be tapped. There is labor, even if it must come out of the Army—and a considerable amount of it could be got from other sources less essential. There are the stocks. There is the plant, since even in 1937, when the production record of 13 million tons was achieved, there was additional unused capacity available up to a total of nearly 15 million tons.

This war is a war of steel, and Mr. Bevin has asked for a 30-40 increase in production. In the steel industry above all the expansion is necessary, vitally necessary. The economic committee which advises the Government will be failing in its duty if it does not recommend measures for the immediate stepping-up of production to existing capacity and plans for the extension of capacity within the shortest possible time. And any man who unblushingly talks about long-term considerations, as though we were employed on a round-the-world trip in a small sailing boat, should be put out of harm's way forthwith.



Hortense Cartier, descendant of Jacques Cartier and daughter of Sir George Cartier, one of the Fathers of Confederation, who died recently in England at the age of ninety-two.

Play Safe—Be Safe!



Photo Courtesy Canadian National Railways.

SKIING

... fastest fun of all—calls for split second decisions—or else!

When you ski (or indulge in any sport) KNOW you are protected against FINANCIAL loss due to injury or illness. Regular Mutual Benefit contracts pay monthly benefits from ONE DAY to a LIFETIME—for any disability sustained AT WORK or AT PLAY.

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HEALTH and ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA, TORONTO

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THE
**HALIFAX
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COMPANY**

Cash Capital—\$2,000,000.00

HEAD OFFICE:

Supervisory Office—8 King St. W.—Toronto

HALIFAX, N.S.

THE **Casualty Company of Canada**
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES

IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

**THIS IS
YOUR
COMPANY**

**MAXIMUM PROTECTION
and
CONSISTENT SAVINGS**

Applications for Agencies Invited

**NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION**

EASTERN CANADIAN DEPARTMENT
Imperial Bldg., Hamilton, Ontario
WESTERN CANADIAN DEPARTMENT
Randall Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

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Mutual Insurance Company
ORGANIZED IN 1896

Assets Exceed \$3,000,000.00
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Head Office: WAWANESA, Man.
Eastern Office: TORONTO, Ont.
Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Montreal and Moncton.
—2000 Agents Across Canada—



ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

**FIDELITY
Insurance Company
of Canada
TORONTO**

Pilot Insurance Company

(Incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario)

BALANCE SHEET

December 31st, 1941

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Bonds and Debentures at amortized book value		Provision for Unpaid Claims	
\$863,796.16		\$129,413.49	
Cash on hand and in bank		Reserve of Unearned Premiums at 80%	
60,127.11		265,867.28	
Agents' Balances and Premiums uncollected (net)		Expenses due and accrued	
80,739.83		4,035.29	
Interest due and accrued		Reserve for Taxes	
5,147.39		40,103.64	
Due from Reinsurance Companies		Agents' Credit Balances (net)	
2,961.69		139.30	
Cash Surrender Value of Endowment Policy		Reinsurance Premiums due and unpaid	
3,200.00		6,633.61	
		Reserve for Depreciation of Securities	
		25,000.00	
		Capital Stock	
		\$162,193.61	
		Authorized, 15,000 shares of \$20.00 par value	
		Issued and paid up, 10,225 shares	
		Amount paid thereon	
		\$204,500.00	
		Surplus	
		349,278.57	
		553,778.57	
		\$1,015,972.18	

Norman G. Duffett,
Vice-President and General Manager

H. E. Wittick,
Secretary

Shareholders,
Pilot Insurance Company, Toronto:
We have audited the accounts of your Company for the year ending December 31, 1941, and certify that the same are in accordance with the requirements as Auditors have been complied with.
The annexed Balance Sheet is, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of your Company's affairs at December 31, 1941, and as shown by its books.
EDWARD S. MORGAN & CO.
January 16, 1942. Chartered Accountants

The Tax Outlook in the U.S.

BY ALLAN WATSON

President Roosevelt presented Congress with a budget calling for expenditures of almost \$59 billions in the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1942, and later it was announced that the cost of the total war program would be raised to \$114 billions. Will these astronomical sums ever actually be spent? Whether they are or not, the fact remains that the economy of the United States is going to be changed considerably.

The United States lives by internal trade, not on foreign trade and the return from foreign investments as England has for generations. How can the U.S. have a high level of taxation without damaging purchasing power and consequently internal trade? And if trade declines, how can tax revenues reach the anticipated heights?

Mr. Watson, a Canadian, has been in business in the U.S. for many years.

"We can confiscate only once, but we can tax perpetually, provided we preserve free enterprise."

U.S. Senator Walter F. George.

THE United States, which Mr. Elmer Davis recently described as a country which, being at war, is still more concerned over the death of a motion-picture actress than over the loss, in the same accident, of fifteen trained army air corps pilots, is also the country where the bill for the job of winning a war has to be presented before the war is won. Long before it is won.

Other countries go ahead with their war orders without figuring the cost, except, perhaps on the basis of "to the last man, to the last penny." Then they tax, borrow, or inflate as necessity demands. But this isn't the way the United States does it, and so we find the thinking American, today, with an immediate financial worry ("What an awful lot of money it's going to cost!") superimposed on the other worries of the war. Parenthetically, the unthinking American seems to be getting a "kick" out of the publicized size of the war expenditures—a strange form of the "biggest in the world" obsession.

First, President Roosevelt presented to Congress, a few weeks ago, his budget for the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1942. It called for expenditures of \$58,927,992,300. Of this sum, it was explained, \$52,786,186,000 would be for war expenditures. As if this were not bad enough, on January 19 the President proposed to Congress that \$15,962,645,021 be made available for the use of the Navy during the next eighteen months, and that \$12,525,872,474 be given to the War Department during the next six months. It wasn't clear to most Americans, nor was it clear to me, whether these amounts were additional to the \$52,786,186,000 or not, but, as it was announced that the cost of the total war program would be raised to \$114,000,000,000, presumably they were additional.

There is no word in the language

with which to describe such sums. In fact the only comparison possible is with the cost of posting a letter in Germany during the height of the inflation. Why the sums have been figured out to the last dollar—and how they can be so figured—is a mystery to all but the Government officials who figured them. But this is immaterial. If the intention, though, was to register exactness I must confess that on me the effect was the opposite—the sense of unreality that I got was stronger than it would have been if the officials had been content to guess in round billions, or at least in millions.

But apparently this is the American way of showing the world that they mean business. Big business. Let us hope that the Germans and the Japanese will be properly impressed. Whether Mr. Mussolini is impressed or not is unimportant. Let us hope, too, that the United States Government moves out of the counting-house and into the factories rather more quickly than it has moved to date. There is a lamentable tendency, in the United States, to think that it is dollars, not tanks and ships and airplanes and men, that win wars.

Will They Be Spent?

Will these astronomical sums ever actually be spent? This depends on whether Messrs. Nelson, Knudsen, & Co. can do a better job of co-ordinating war production than has been done to date. But whether the totals are ever reached or whether they fall a little, or even a lot, short, the fact remains that the spending habits of the American people are going to be completely changed. With results that may damage even destroy—the present economy of the United States. And perhaps, therefore, of Canada.

For the American Government proposes to tax its people to the last taxable dollar.

At the present time George Spelvin (Westbrook Pegler's imaginary aver-

age American) pays much less in taxes than does the average Canadian. Last year he paid about 4% of his net income, after exemptions. This year he will pay about 10%—probably more, by the operation of new taxes to be imposed in a few months' time. And next year he will be paying about 25%.

Additionally, he may have his "social security" taxes increased from \$30 or \$60 a year to \$150. Also, he will probably have to pay a sales tax to the Federal Government on nearly everything he buys, in addition to existing State sales taxes. Or, failing the sales tax, it seems likely that he will suffer a deduction—5% is proposed, on gross—from his income "at the source" (something brand new in the United States, except for "social security").

Withholding Tax

This withholding tax, if enacted, will help to make the collections of 1942 approximate more nearly those of 1943 and the dreadful years to come. It will almost certainly be an inequitable tax as collection difficulties will no doubt limit it to the unfortunate wage- and salary-earners. These victims may be given the right to "offset" the withholding tax against their ordinary income taxes payable the following year but such a concession would be more apparent than real as they will always be paying taxes that their "un-withheld" fellow-citizens will not pay. Putting it more clearly, wage- and salary-earners will, in the future, go to their graves with their income taxes partly paid-up (by the operation of the withholding tax) whereas the rest of the tax-payers will continue to die still owing Uncle Sam a year's taxes. Possibly this will be a comfort to the wage- and salary-earners on their death-beds.

Human nature being what it is, George Spelvin, salary-earner, hopes that if this withholding tax is made effective this year it will not start before July or later. As for the proposed increase in the "social security" taxes, he hopes that the talked-of jump from 1% or 2% to 5% (true, it is only on salaries up to \$3,000) will be voted down in favor of a less drastic increase. He has long ceased to regard this imposition as anything but an additional income tax, knowing, as he does, that it goes into the general fund and is spent for the current expenses of the Government.

So much for the effect on the individual of the new tax proposals. There are also in sight increased corporation taxes, estate taxes, gift taxes, excess-profits taxes, and nuisance taxes (such as \$5 a year—\$7.09 this year for "using" an automobile).

Standard of Living

What are all these taxes going to do to U.S. economy. To the U.S. standard of living?

Mr. Morgenthau makes a great point about the increased national income, resulting from war expenditures. The theory is that this time, instead of going into silk shirts, this excess will go back to the Treasury in the form of taxes.

There may be quite a lot in this theory. As mentioned above, the figures of expenditures are so staggering that nobody but a brain-truster can handle them without dropping them like hot coals. Maybe there will be such tremendous sums paid out to workmen in the form of wages that proportionately tremendous sums can be taken back from them in the form of taxes. I wouldn't know about that because I'm quite sure that my income is not going to be tremendously increased although I know that my taxes will be.

But I cannot but think that there is a flaw in the argument. The huge sums (at least we used to think they were huge sums) paid out by the W.P.A. did not result in greatly increased tax collections, and is there



No country under Nazi domination has proven harder to subdue than Yugoslavia. Under General Draza Mihailovic, an army of Chetniks—guerrilla fighters—have taken to the hills where they still hold out against 3 Nazi divisions. In the cities, any show of resistance is punished by death. These pictures, smuggled out of Yugoslavia, show some of the victims of the Gestapo, with Serbs trying to identify dead friends.



not a relationship between building non-productive highways and bridges and dams and building tanks and cantonments and airplanes?

It boils down to this—Is there going to be a war-boom in the United States?

The answer, I think, is in the negative.

It is not like the last war. There were no taxes then, to speak of, though there was profiteering such as nobody fears (or hopes for) this time. Most important of all, the farmers benefitted tremendously in the last war but how are they going to benefit this time? In 1914/1918 the United States profited so by Europe's misfortunes that she changed from a debtor nation to a creditor nation. Huge individual fortunes were made by selling, at "seller's market" prices, to foreigners but this time these fortunes will not be made—by selling to Americans. Any incipient attempt at fortune-making will be promptly nipped by taxation.

The New York Stock Market gives no indication of expecting a boom. Some stocks which earned as much as \$4. a share last year are selling as low as \$10 a share. Why? The answer is—partly taxes, and partly fears of reduced sales.

U.S. Trade Internal

Some economists, though not all of them by any means, have all along realized that the United States cannot bear the high level of income taxation that England bore so long and so nobly in the years between the wars. In those years England was living, as she has lived for generations, on foreign trade and on the return from her foreign investments. She was not dependent on internal purchasing power. But the United States (the isolationists used to brag about it) lives by internal trade. And how can you have a high level of taxation without damaging purchasing

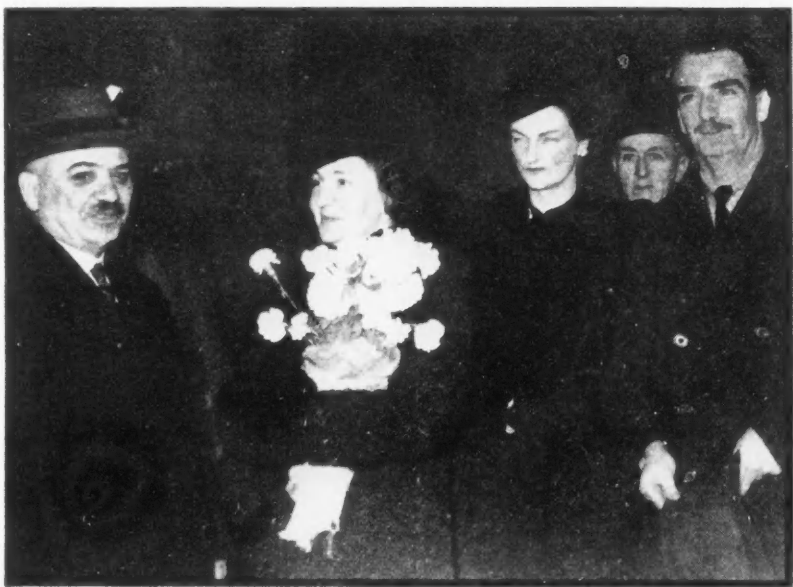
power and consequently internal trade? Let us consider, again, the case of Mr. Pegler's George Spelvin.

If George makes \$3,000 a year, net, and has to pay \$750. of it to the Government in taxes, when he used to pay only about \$100., and if he has to pay more for all the goods he buys and the services he uses, how is he going to be able to drive a motor-car? How is he going to be able to afford the annual vacations which used to take him all over the country—and to Canada? How is he going to be able to continue living in that big house of his? (Try, even now, to sell a big house in most American cities for half what it cost!) How is he going to be able to take out more life insurance, play golf, or play the stock market?

If his \$3,000 a year becomes \$1,500—as it may if he is a "defense" worker—he may be able to continue to do all these things, while the war lasts. But certainly not afterwards. And if George is a farmer, or if he is in the automobile business, or if he is a salesman for non-priority products, his \$3,000 a year is more likely to become \$1,500 than \$4,500.

And it must be remembered that, right now, George is in debt. Installment buying, which contributed so much to the stock-market crash of 1929, has been steadily on the increase again during the years of the Roosevelt regime.

These thoughts lead me back to the quotation with which I started this article. The Congress of the United States may find, even before the war is over, that its tax program is killing free enterprise. There is, of course, no thought of confiscation but "perpetual taxation," at levels like those now proposed, will be subject to the economic law of diminishing returns. And it may kill free enterprise just as effectively as confiscatory taxation would kill it, though the operation will take longer to perform.



British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden shown upon his arrival in London from Moscow where extensive British-Russian Lease-Lend arrangements were concluded. With him are Soviet Ambassador Ivan Maisky, Mrs. Maisky and Mrs. Eden. Eden and Maisky travelled with 14 Soviet Trade Union delegates to the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Council in London.